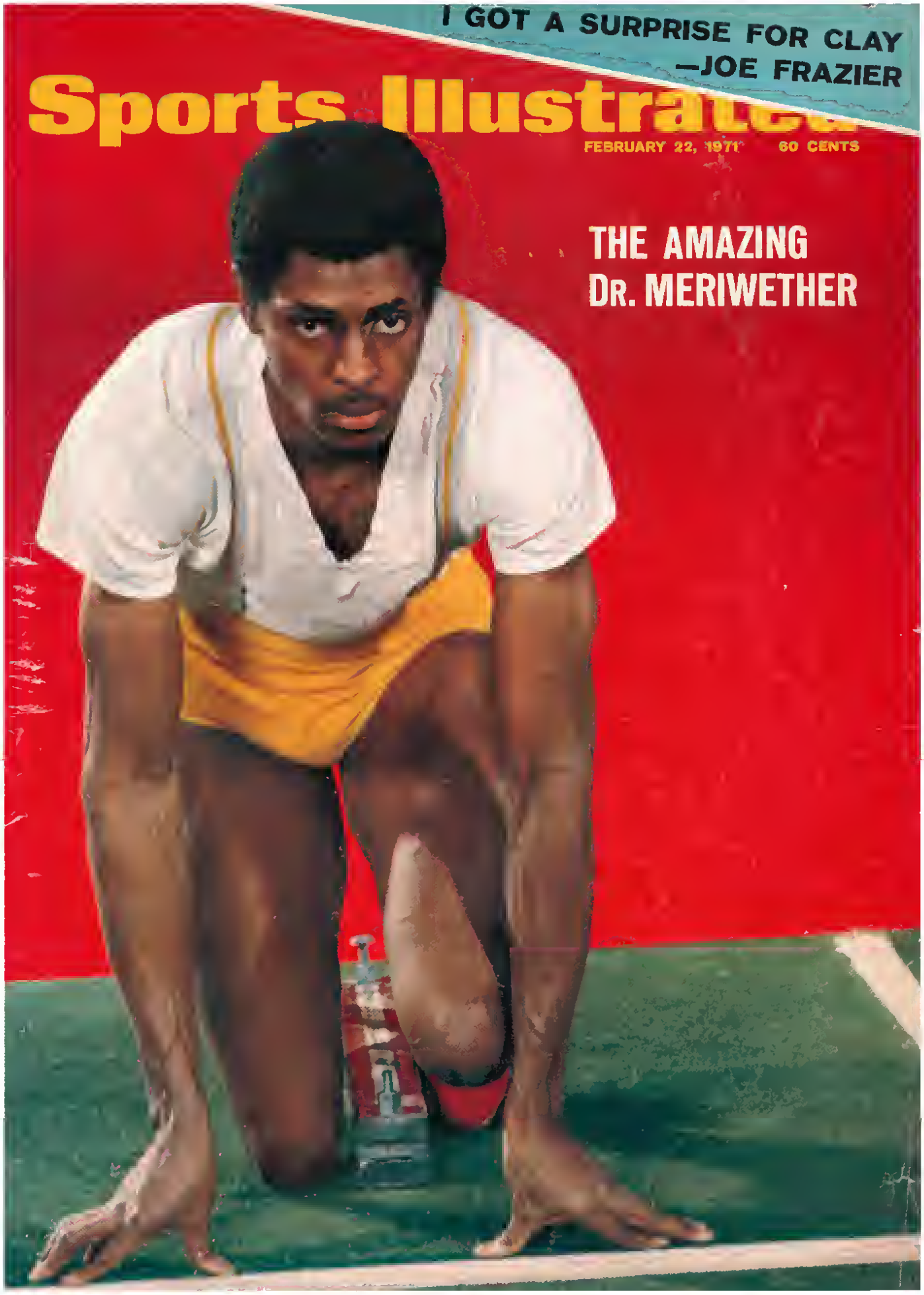
I GOT A SURPRISE FOR CLAY
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Sports Illustrated

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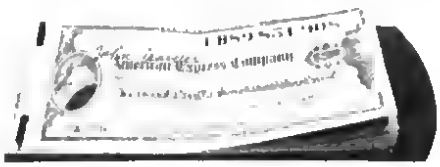
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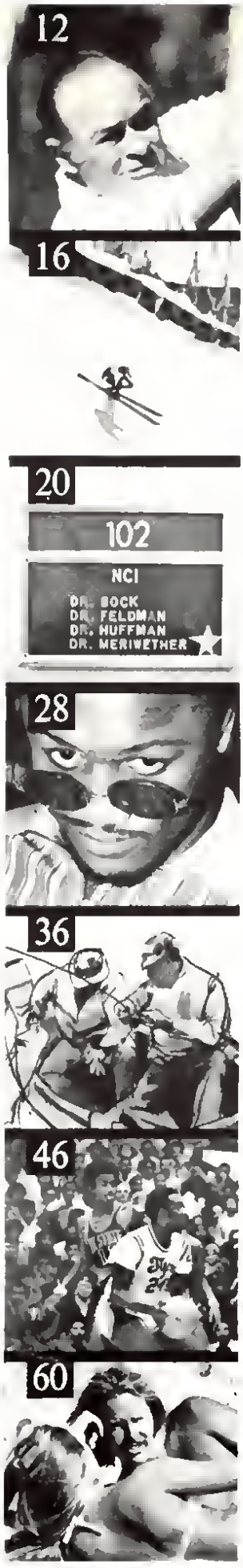
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. *Authorized as second-class mail by* the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

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Next week

BOXER VS SLUGGER is the classic match-up. A portfolio of art recalls the Johnson-Willard, Tunney-Dempsey, Conn-Louis and Charles-Marciano bouts and sets up Ali-Frazier.

THE MOUNTAINS of Maine are host to touring World Cup racers for the first time as the ski carnival opens its 1971 U.S. show on the slopes of Sugarloaf. William Johnson reports.

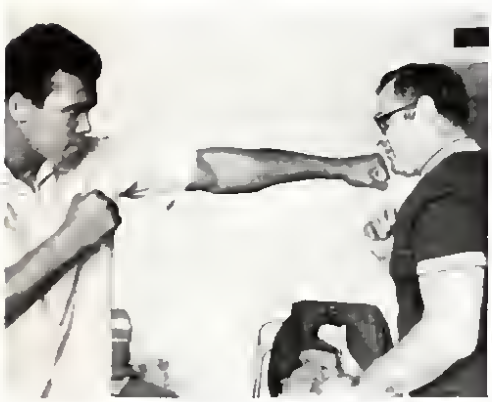
AMATEUR DIPLOMAT Arthur Ashe, after a tour of six African countries for the State Department as a tennis player, would like to return someday as a real-life ambassador.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Muhammad Ali says Mort Sharnik is one of only two newsmen he will trust. Angelo Dundee, Ali's manager, says Sharnik is one of the few men, in or out of the sport, who really understands what boxing is all about. And in his interview with Joe Frazier that begins on page 28 Mort again reveals his special talent for eliciting both affection and stories from unpromising sources. Before Sharnik got him to talk, Frazier was regarded by most reporters as a man capable of little more than moody silences or monosyllables.

Sharnik has always had a way with even the most difficult subjects, and one of his earliest breakthroughs was with a man many reporters feared even



SHARNIK TRUSTS A TRUSTING FRIEND

to approach, let alone engage in conversation: Sonny Liston.

"Everyone told me that I couldn't talk to this guy, that he was surly, that he had nothing to say," Sharnik recalls. "But he invited me down to his house in Philadelphia, gave me breakfast and spent the next 12 hours telling me all about his eventful past."

Sharnik's ability to involve himself deeply with his subject is one reason why these conversations have proved so fruitful. To help get his story on *The Four Who Baffled Liston* (SI, Feb. 10, 1964), Sharnik, who had done some amateur boxing as a schoolboy, climbed into a ring with Marty Marshall to get a closeup demonstration of the punch that broke Liston's jaw. He has also sat through many an all-night session of such exotically named card games as *siete y media*, a form of blackjack that is a favorite with many of the Spanish-speaking fighters, and cooncan or tunk, two rummy-type games enjoyed by numerous black fighters.

Boxing is Sharnik's favorite beat, but his talents have helped us break stories in other areas. Mort's persistent digging gave us the facts on the sometimes brutal methods employed back in 1962 by the University of Kentucky's football coaching staff (SI, Oct. 8, 1962). His investigations produced our exposure of Pitcher Denny McLain's involvement with bookmakers and hoodlums (SI, Feb. 23, 1970) and highlighted the problems of Running Back Ernie Wheelwright in his effort to free his New Orleans nightclub from control by mobsters (SI, June 1, 1970).

Why are some supposedly tongue-tied types willing to talk to Sharnik? "Probably because I have the patience to hear them out," says Mort. "They tend to trust me. I'm also a pretty careful observer. I notice things athletes do and don't do, and then mention them. When people find out that you are taking the trouble to watch them that closely, they are flattered and encouraged to talk to you. You've proved you care."

One thing Sharnik noticed that many others missed was a famous KO punch. Announcer Steve Ellis, who worked the closed-circuit telecast of the second Ali-Liston fight, pulled Sharnik up into the ring after it was over and had him explain the lightning blow—dubbed "the phantom" by ignorami—that had knocked out Liston in the first round. Sharnik demonstrated how Ali had drawn Liston in for a jab and then, while he was off-balance, hit down on his jaw with the right-hand chop.

Dick Munro

Sports Illustrated

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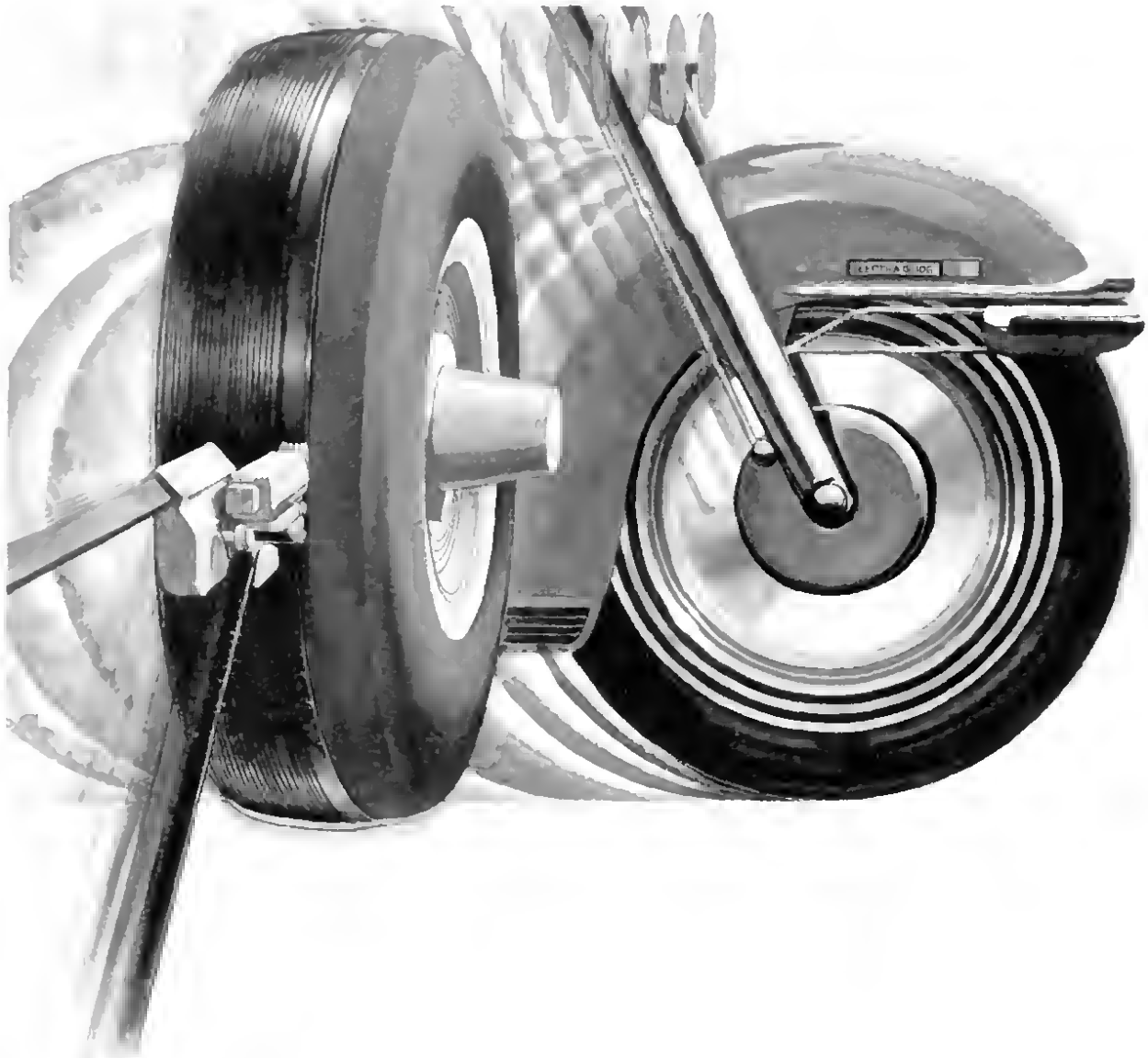
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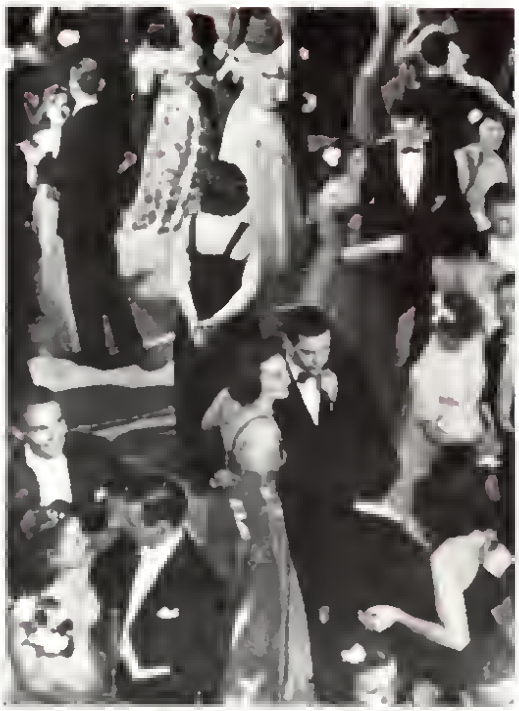
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WHEREVER THE YOUTH SET GATHERED, sweater and skirt, bobby socks and saddle shoes were the "in" costume for teen-age girls, while the zoot suit (right) was mandatory for a boy to be "in the groove." Even in the hectic Forties (left), part of growing up was quiet talk and tender moods at weekend parties.

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

TROUBLE IN THE VALLEY

It would have taken a CIA agent of special skills to get in to see the Mid-Valley (California) League championship game between the basketball teams of San Fernando and Granada Hills high schools. It was held behind locked doors, under police protection, at a neutral site that had been kept secret until just before game time. Not even the players knew where they were going as they piled into buses.

Behind the secrecy was a history of racially inspired violence that began back during the football season—not between players but among spectators in the stands. It continued into the basketball season. San Fernando High is integrated—about 48% Chicano, 30% black, 2% Oriental and 20% white. Granada Hills is almost entirely white.

A few days before the game the San Fernando school was closed because of disturbances, mostly caused by nonstudents and former students roaming around the campus, courts and hallways. It remained closed for four days. Officials of the two teams got together and decided that the game would have to be played clandestinely at Palisades High.

Only about 200 people, including the players, were there. The others were mostly coaches, officials, scouts, Palisades High players who gave up their practice time for the game and a handful of Palisades students.

San Fernando beat back a furious third-period rally by Granada Hills to win 90–83.

There were no cheers and no cheerleaders.

SHAM BATTLES BANNED

Those hockey fights, most of which are so dull that they couldn't make the bottom of a boxing card in Kalamazoo, have long been encouraged by team managements, quite as if they were essential to the game. Now Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, has moved in on the situation, largely because hockey has become more and more a television sport and Campbell fears for the game's national reputation. In a letter addressed to all NHL governors and general managers, Campbell has expressed his disapproval. "Since the start of the current season," he noted, "there have been nine instances in which the players of one or both participating teams have made a general exodus from their benches and participated in a few fights, some wrestling and a tremendous amount of sweater pulling—which, on television particularly, has all the characteristics of a riot."

Further, he observed, governors and club managements "have been accused of encouraging this state of indiscipline."

What gripes Campbell most of all apparently is that imposition of fines by the clubs is purely *pro forma*. Offending players are fined, then reimbursed with bonuses. So Campbell is going to get tough with the clubs, he says.

"In my opinion," he wrote, "any club that pays the fines of its players or reimburses them in any manner with respect to them is doing a great disservice to our game. Furthermore, I am of the firm conviction that any such action is a contravention of Bylaw 17.3, which makes the club and the responsible club official both liable to fines up to $5,000, and it is my intention to apply the bylaw in this manner where the consequences of disciplinary action by way of fines have been circumvented in this manner."

Now, maybe, there will be less violence on TV.

NEW HOPE FOR AINTREE

Fears that the Grand National steeplechase would be doomed with the sale of the Aintree racecourse have been lifted somewhat by a plan for the track's redevelopment.

The plan calls for the building of a shopping complex, a hotel, business offices, an industrial area and residences. As to the course, two of its existing 16 jumps—the Chair and the water jump—would be relocated. Stands would be demolished and new ones aligned to provide a better view of the race.

The proposal has been submitted to the Lancashire County Council and Liverpool Corporation. If they approve it, the owners will put the property on the market and thus make it available for commercial interests to undertake the development.

TRY HORSEFEATHERS

Aside from having an automobile named after it and acting as the protagonist in a cartoon short in which its role is to outfox a coyote, the roadrunner has become a political issue in New Mexico, where it is the state bird. In a recent gubernatorial election one candidate said the state symbol's tail ought to be tilted up, the other that it should stick straight out.

Now the governors are at it again. Criticizing his predecessor for taking a grand piano out of the governor's mansion and a display of Apollo 11 moon rocks out of the executive office, Governor Bruce King complained, "He didn't leave a



doggone thing except one woodpecker in the governor's office."

Woodpecker? That was a wooden statue of a roadrunner, as former Governor Dave Cargo was quick to point out. "King wouldn't know the difference between the state bird and a woodpecker,"

continued

he said, explaining that he wanted to give the piano and the moon rocks to the state museum.

The state senate jumped in with a pacifying memorial addressed to King and Cargo and asked that copies of the memorial be "embellished with woodpecker and roadrunner feathers."

But under federal law it is not only illegal to capture either bird for its feathers, it is also illegal to possess such feathers for decorations. The U.S. Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife was asked, "But what about abandoned feathers that a bird may have shed?"

"It's technically illegal to use them," was the reply, "but we might not enforce this."

Plucking taxpayers is O.K., but roadrunners are a no-no.

THE COLUMBIA COLTS?

The flight to the suburbs does not involve just people. It applies to pro football organizations, too.

The Chicago Bears have signed a five-year agreement to play their home games in Northwestern University's Dyche Stadium—subject to the approval of the Evanston City Council.

The Dallas Cowboys will be playing in Arlington, Texas.

The Detroit Lions are committed to Pontiac, Mich.

The Boston Patriots are moving to Foxboro, Mass.

There are other teams which are threatening to move, but their threats may be considered to be just that—an application of leverage to pry more money or other benefits out of their municipalities. Among these:

The New York Giants, who seem to be making eyes at Bergen County, N.J.

The Baltimore Colts, who say they are interested in Columbia, Md.

And, of course, the stadiums used by the Minnesota Vikings, Oakland Raiders and San Francisco 49ers are already outside metropolitan centers.

MACHINE AGE

Apparently the first in the nation to do so, the Barron, Wis. school district has begun a compulsory snowmobile course for children—370 fourth-, fifth- and sixth-graders at Woodlawn School. The course will be repeated at five other elementary schools in the system.

This winter twice as many new snowmobiles as automobiles were registered in Barron, at least seven persons in the area have been hospitalized after snowmobile accidents and three youngsters—aged 6, 7 and 8—barely escaped going under a school bus while snowmobiling in the school parking lot. Edward Zamzow, superintendent of schools, said that 60% of the Woodlawn children come from families owning snowmobiles and 90% have ridden on them. Among high school students, 22 ride snowmobiles to school daily. At least four third-graders own their own snowmobiles.

THE FUSSY PROS

The golden arm of UCLA football over the past two seasons, Dennis Dummit was stunned by the failure of any professional team to draft him. Even his old coach, Tommy Prothro, now with the Los Angeles Rams, passed him by.

Dummit's whole goal in football was to become a professional quarterback, even to the point, he told a Rhodes scholarship evaluation board, that if the pros summoned him, as he expected, he would have to choose football rather than the scholarship.

His last season's accomplishments included a brilliant triumph over Southern California. Against Texas he suffered a last-second loss but broke a UCLA record by throwing for 340 yards. Bob Waterfield, whose record Dummit broke, fully expected the pros to be interested.

"Everyone will be looking at Dummit because of his arm," Waterfield said.

But they looked at other things, too, and one National Football League authority summed it up thus:

"Dummit is short of size and short of arm. He's under 6 feet, only 180 and under 35 yards a great passer. Beyond that point he's a slinger with the ball up for grabs."

And another scout reported:

"For being as fine a short passer as he is, he doesn't have sure hands, his hand-offs are not solid, he is not quick and in a seramble situation sometimes panics."

Unfortunate, no doubt, for one who loves football so much, but a fellow good enough to be considered for a Rhodes scholarship shouldn't have a great deal to worry about.

TO COOK A COOT

Because they have been causing serious damage to crops in California, it will be legal to shoot coots in that state until May 16. The birds may be eaten or donated to hospitals or other charitable institutions for food.

Those who contemplate eating coot may wish to be reminded of the famous old recipe of Van Campen Heilner, sportsman-writer. It goes something like this:

"Clean the coot and put it in a pot of water with a flatiron. Boil for three days, throw out the coot and serve the flatiron."

PHANTOM PHIGHTERS

Young Stribling built up an impressive record as a prizefighter by traveling from town to town in the South boxing his chauffeur, who appeared under a variety of names. And Rocky Marciano, early in his career, was found to be fighting his own brother.

Now George Foreman, Olympic champion and No. 1 challenger on the World Boxing Association list, is in the same rocky boat. He was booked in St. Paul last week to fight Phil Smith of Washington. He did, in fact, light someone introduced as Smith and knocked him out in the first round but, according to Jack Gibbons, secretary of the Minnesota State Athletic Commission, it was Charlie Boston of Winston-Salem, N.C. Bobby Brown, Washington trainer, assured Gibbons that Smith had not left town on the day in question.

THEY SAID IT

• Satchel Paige, after being named to the Hall of Fame's new wing for old-time Negro players: "The only change is that baseball has turned Paige from a second-class citizen into a second-class immortal."

• Garry Unger, 23-year-old hockey player, on being traded to St. Louis from Detroit and leaving behind 42-year-old Gordie Howe and 39-year-old Alex Delvecchio: "Where could you find two guys who are old enough to be your father who will go to a go-go joint with you?"

• Bill Veeck, former baseball owner, on the state of the game today: "Baseball is like our society. It's become homogenized, computerized. People identify with the swashbuckling individuals, not the polite little men who field their position well. Sir Galahad probably had a big following, but I'll bet Lancelot had more." ENO

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We've had 23 years to straighten out our bugs.

1949



Chassis numbers
01 922—138 554

1 Safety [illegible] introduced as a [illegible] equipment
2 Sliding sunroof [illegible]

1950



Chassis numbers
138 555—229 471

1 Hydraulic brakes introduced
2 Ash trays introduced
3 Fuel mixture heating device [illegible]

1951



Chassis numbers
229 472—313 929

1 Chrome garnish [illegible]
2 Vent flaps added [illegible]

1952



Chassis numbers
313 930—428 166

1 Glove compartment gets door
2 Window crank makes 215 turns [illegible] 10 x
3 2nd, 3rd and 4th gear synchronized

1953



Chassis numbers
428 167—579 414

1 Oval one piece rear window replaces split window

1954



Chassis numbers
575 416—722 924

1 Break in driving requirement dropped [illegible] engine
2 Increased horsepower

1955



Chassis numbers
722 935—929 748

1 Flashing bi-sectional and cetera mounted [illegible] front fenders replace the semaphore turn indicators

1956



Chassis numbers
929 749—1 249 919

1 Chromed dual [illegible] tips added
2 Adjustable front seat backs
3 Larger luggage space

1957



Chassis numbers
1 249 916—1 900 439

1 Tubeless tires
2 Better heat distribution

1958



Chassis numbers
1 900 440—2 007 919

1 Brake drums and shoes widened for faster, surer stops
2 Rear window and windshield enlarged

1959



Chassis numbers
2 007 916—2 928 007

1 Stronger clutch springs
2 Improved fan belt
3 Frame reinforced for greater strength

1960



Chassis numbers
2 528 000—3 192 506

1 Seat back contoured for greater comfort
2 Generator output increased

1961



Chassis numbers
3 192 507—4 019 999

1 Increased horsepower
2 Transmission synchronized in all forward [illegible]

1962



Chassis numbers
4 019 995—4 999 999

1 Larger taillights
2 Sparking-leaded head

1963



Chassis numbers
4 849 836—5 977 119

1 Foam insulated floor
2 Fresh air heating
3 Leatherette headliner introduced

1964



Chassis numbers
5 977 119—6 502 399

1 Crank operated sliding [illegible] fabric sunroof

1965



Chassis numbers
119 000 001—119 979 200

1 Windows enlarged
2 Heater improved

1966



Chassis numbers
116 000 001—116 1 021 298

1 Increased horsepower
2 Emergency blinker switch

1967



Chassis numbers
117 000 001—117 844 892

1 Increased horsepower again
2 Dual brake system

1968



Chassis numbers
118 000 000—118 1 019 000

1 Optional automatic Stick Shift introduced

1969



Chassis numbers
119 000 001—119 1 003 200

1 Ignition/steering lock
2 Day/night rearview mirror

1970



Chassis numbers
119 2 000 001—119 3 009 949

1 Increased horsepower

1971



Chassis numbers
111 2 000 001—

1 Nearly twice the luggage space
2 Shorter turning radius
3 Wider front track
4 More powerful engine
5 More beautiful interior

Our new little automobile is backed by exactly 2,250 improvements.

That's exactly 2,250 more improvements than you'll find on any of the new little automobiles.

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 22, 1971

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

A horde of distinguished guests, the Vice-President's tee shots and restoration of a monarch turned Bob Hope's Desert Classic into a desert happening

by ALFRED WRIGHT

There, on the California desert, Consciousness II and perhaps some leftovers from Consciousness 1½ celebrated the ultimate trivial happening. They came in all shapes and sizes—sausage makers, millers, weavers, builders, bankers, broadcasters, admen—408 of them in all, flying in to Palm Springs on 747s and executive jets from Alabama and Wisconsin and New York to play golf in the Bob Hope Desert Classic. One thing they all had in common: they could afford to spend a couple of Gs for a week of golf. And that's about the minimum it costs to get into the Hope, which is becoming a hotter invitation than one to a prayer breakfast at the White House.

In its last two convocations the Hope has earned a special White House flavor of its own, which might be called the Agnew syndrome. It was just a year ago that Hope himself introduced his new chum, the Vice-President, to the world of big-time sport and accidentally uncovered a novel political weapon—the uncontrollable slice. Playing in his first Desert Classic, Agnew lashed one of these off the skull of pro Doug Sanders, his playing partner, thereby achieving a whole new image for himself. He was a hapless athlete but he was a good sport about it, and the Classic would never again be the same without him. So last week, as a special favor to Hope, he was back.

Nor did the Vice-President disappoint the thousands who turned up at the Bermuda Dunes Country Club on Saturday morning for his encore. Moms and Dads from the desert trailer camps watched with dogs and cameras as the Vice-President strode to the 1st tee, splendidly attired in his yellow Izod shirt, olive slacks and white shoes. The undaunted Sanders, again the Vice-President's pro partner, drove first. Then it was the turn of the three amateurs (the formula in the Hope is one pro and three amateurs in each foursome). Willie Mays—yes, *the* Willie Mays—hooked badly into the gallery, hit a mulligan down the middle and allowed, "It was the most nervous moment of my life." Bob Hope was next and after a few gags looped a lazy one down the fairway.

Now Agnew. His first swing of the tournament caught the ball on the toe of his driver and sent it into the gallery to the right of the tee, where it ricocheted off the arms of a man and his wife. Agnew cringed. He walked over to the crowd, under the careful surveillance of a few dozen Secret Service men, apologized, kissed the lady, retrieved the ball and tried again. And did it again. On his second swing the ball took much the same route, although this time it struck the ankle of a lady who had to be carted off to the Valley Memorial Hospital for X rays and repairs. Fortunately, this hospital has benefited from some of the $1,692,108.52 raised during the first 11 years of the Desert Classic. With the addition of Agnew's act, the tournament should soon double that amount.

Once under way (he finally decided to start from the 2nd tee), the Vice-President demonstrated a golf game that is not all that bad. He addresses the ball properly and the backswing obeys most of the fundamentals. Coming into the ball, he is a bit rigid and formal, bearing down too hard, with erratic results. The analogy to his rhetoric is too obvious to avoid.

The presence of Agnew at the Desert Classic tended to overshadow the hassles of the tournament, much as Air Force Two, which delivered him to Palm Springs, dominated the smaller planes at the airport that brought the less celebrated amateurs. The first whisperings of his imminent arrival crept across the various golf courses late Tuesday, the day before the tournament was to begin. Stragglers driving down from Los Angeles and still trembling from the earthquake had heard that the Vice-President would be out from Washington the next morning to survey the damage. That meant he could reach the desert some 48 hours ahead of schedule. "He'll be at Mollie's on Wednesday night," people whispered.

Mollie's was the cocktail party at La Quinta that Mollie Cullum was throwing in honor of Edgar Eisenhower, Ike's older brother, who is 82 now and still shoots his age on the desert courses when he isn't practicing law in Tacoma. When Mollie throws a party you can be sure that everyone comes. By nightfall all the corporation presidents and board chairmen from near and far were sipping cocktails and munching hors d'oeuvres on the lawn in front of Mollie's condominium—Ed Crowley of Sheraton Hotels, Dick Gelb of Bristol-Myers, Del Webb of Del E. Webb Corp., Carl Loeb of Loeb, Rhoades and on and on. The motif for the evening was red, white and blue. Each arrival was presented with a small American flag and then signed an enormous parchment tribute to the guest of honor that read: "Our Rights and Our Liberties. Edgar Eisenhower, a Real American."

This set just the right mood for the Vice-President, who arrived a bit late

continued

Agnew offers inspiration to Arnold Palmer at a party, watches intently as tournament host Bob Hope tees off, and then cringes when his own errant drive hits a spectator.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG









Liquor distributor Sydney White provided gin and Scotch for players' gift packages.



Tough Richard Forbes is top adman at Chrysler, main sponsor of tournament telecast.

Moroccan General Mohamed Medbouh was in a tie for second in amateur division.



inside a cocoon of Secret Service. He stood beneath a eucalyptus tree and greeted those who could wedge their way between his bodyguards, his sad mountain-sheep face looking down benignly on those around him. You would not say he *made* the party, but he certainly added the romance of power.

A few hundred American executives absent from their desks at one time could leave quite a lot of command decisions unmade by American business in the course of a week. It is a possibility that bothered some of the Hope golfers. "Twenty-five-million-share days," muttered Dick Jones, a partner in the brokerage house of Mitchum, Jones & Templeton. "What am I doing out here cursing at a golf ball?"

Don Durgin, president of NBC-TV, had part of the answer to Jones' question. "As an amateur hacker you get to play four days with four different professionals," explained Durgin. "And of course that quadruples the name-dropping potential. The real thrill, though, is to be close to them and root for them as you play. They're all pretty nice young men, too, and most of them seem to have been to the Arnold Palmer public-relations school. 'O.K., Charlie; O.K., Jim; O.K., Bill,' they say to us amateurs after we hit the ball. Never mind where it went. It makes you feel good.

"It's completely social," Durgin added, putting down the suggestion that an amateur might use the Hope for ulterior reasons. "In most cases you've never met your amateur partners before, so you ask them where they're from and what's their business, and your wives chat. That's about it. I'm playing with a fellow named George O'Neill, who's in the greeting-card business in Elgin, Ill., and he tells me his business has never been better, because when times aren't so good people send greeting cards instead of presents. When another amateur finds out I'm with NBC, about all he wants to know is what Johnny Carson is really like."

Naturally, not everyone was as low-key about it as Durgin. Harold Hutton, a Far Eastern oil tycoon who did not even want to play in the tournament, donated $50,000 to the Eisenhower Medical Center in Palm Springs for two invitations, one of which was for Lieut. General Ibnu Sutowo of Indonesia and the other for Hutton's son-in-law, who was designated Sutowo's "interpreter." The more com-



Wayne Hoffman, 6' 7" head of Flying Tiger Line, has home on Eldoredo course.

Bill Conway of Celenese arranged to sponsor telecast, had four clients as guests.



Courtly Oscar Meyer Jr. is the grandson of the founder of Wisconsin meat-packing firm.



mon rate for an invitation, however, is either $500 or $1,000, which goes to the desert charities, too. Each of the four participating golf clubs this year—Bermuda Dunes, Indian Wells, La Quinta and Tamarisk, which alternates with Eldorado—received 64 invitations. These were sold for $500 apiece. Ernie Del Monte, an industrial builder from Rochester, N.Y., joined Indian Wells a few years ago just to make himself eligible for this category.

In theory, the remaining hundred or more invitations sell at $1,000 apiece to non-club members, but that can be just the beginning. Bill Yancey, a retired Air Force general who runs the tournament for Hope, is conveniently vague about the exact requisites for one of those $1,000 bids. "We just kind of see what they want to do for us," he says, us meaning the tournament and the Eisenhower Medical Center. Gerald Zornow, president of Eastman Kodak, drew one of the $1,000 jobs this year for the first time, but he sweetened the kitty by donating Kodak Instamatics to the gift package given to each of the participants when he registers. Also in the gift package are a pair of Florsheim shoes, so R.A. (Tony) Heider, executive vice-president of Florsheim, gets to play, as does Harold Florsheim, retired son of the founder. So does Sydney White, the distributor of Tanqueray gin and John Begg Scotch, both represented in the gift package.

In years past, the public face of the Desert Classic has been an age-old partnership among Hope, NBC and Chrysler—a TV triumvirate as seemingly indestructible as the Three Stooges. Chrysler, of course, would get 20 or so invitations, just as Hope would get 20. But, business being what it is, Chrysler decided that this year it wanted only half the sponsorship of the tournament telecast. That posed a problem. Then, last November, Bill Conway, vice-president for advertising of the Celanese Corporation, happened to be in Los Angeles and decided to pay a visit to the harness races at Hollywood Park. There he bumped into Ed Crowley, a golf nut who helps Hope with the Classic.

"Ed," said Conway, "I've got to have another invitation to the Hope. It's for a guy I absolutely promised. You've got to get it for me."

"No way, coach," said Crowley, who likes to call people coach. "You've got yours, as usual, but there's no way I can get you another."

Before the last race Crowley and Conway ran into each other again. "I just happened to think," Crowley said. "There is a way you can get that invitation. Chrysler is picking up only half the show this year. Goodyear has taken a quarter, and if you can get Celanese to pick up the other quarter, I can get you six invitations."

"Sold," said Conway, thinking they were putting each other on. But the next morning there was a man from NBC on the phone seriously quoting a price of $162,000. Conway gave it another thought and asked for a 10-day option while he discussed it with the home office. They ran it up the flagpole, and when it got off at Darien they firmed up the deal.

Conway, a lover of golf and his fellow golfer, could hardly wait to dispense the five invitations he now had in addition to his own. He picked with care. One for Jack Fisher of Deering Milliken. One for John Meon of Avondale Mills. One for Ed Bacchi of Arrow shirts. One for Ed Haggar of Haggar slacks. One for Hank Milliken of Klopman Mills. All great fellows and all with products that could be pushed in the commercials. Then the phone rang in Conway's New York office. It was Bill Yancey. "I've got bad news for you," said Yancey. "Two of your invitations were to be from Hope's 20, and he just sold all of his for $10,000 apiece. That leaves you only four." Conway was pondering this stunning development when Milliken phoned to say that his boss was going to Europe and he had to stay in New York to mind the store. Conway managed to wangle one more invitation and was off the hook. Last week he and his Celanese group were happily located in the Erawan Garden Hotel, playing golf with their professional companions until midafternoon, spending the rest of the day around the pool with their wives, hitting the cocktail-party circuit at Eldorado and Indian Wells and La Quinta, ribbing each other about their golf and stopping in midsentence whenever anybody walked by in a fabric that caught their eye.

It was that kind of a week, and if the Eisenhower Medical Center didn't clear 400 grand out of it, your name is Ted Agnew.

Oh, yes. A fellow named Arnold Palmer won the tournament, his first since 1969. END



Developer Thomas Culligen constructs golf courses, plays annually in Hope tournament.



Easterner Ernie Del Monte joined the Indian Wells club just to enter the Hope.

Jim Ling forgets about losing control of Ling-Temco-Vought to concentrate on shot.






15

AS SMOOTH AS SILK IN SAPPORO

The Japanese staged a full-scale dress rehearsal for the 1972 Winter Olympic Games last week and it came off as a colorful blend of clockwork precision and quite scrutable Oriental charm **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

Once upon a time on Hokkaido, the bleak and beautiful northern isle of Japan, there lived for one year an American botanist from Massachusetts. His name was William Smith Clark and his game was helping Japanese pioneer settlers of a wilderness village called Sapporo to organize an agricultural school. A fire-and-brimstone enthusiast, William Smith Clark not only put the farm school on its feet, he also converted most of the students to Christianity, taught everyone rudimentary English, designed new buildings for the school and once publicly smashed four dozen bottles of wine in a ditch in order to convince the natives they should sign a pledge of abstinence from alcohol.

After his busy year in Sapporo, Clark mounted his horse to leave and his loyal students and faculty sadly trailed him out of town on their own mounts. Suddenly Clark reined in his horse, turned and cried out to his distraught entourage: "Boys, be ambitious!" Then he wheeled and galloped off toward America.

Today, some 95 years later, those words are engraved in stone at the base of a statue of William Smith Clark at the University of Hokkaido in Sapporo. And it would seem they are carved even more deeply into the civic soul of the city. For Sapporo has grown from that primeval shanty settlement to a town a million strong. By day it is a throbbing, though infinitely mundane, metropolis that looks most of all like seven smoggy Fort Waynes laid end to end. By night the place turns on in a splattering cascade of Japanese neon and all-round Oriental candlepower that makes Times Square seem dull.

Japanese kids on skates released balloons at the opening ceremonies. Then stars like France's Annie Famose (left) went to work.

There is ambition, all right, in Sapporo. And next year at about this time the former leading frontier hamlet will host the Winter Olympic Games of 1972. Naturally, the question arises: can a drab young city in the cold wastes of northern Asia, 5,000 miles from any major winter sports center, under frequent threat of storms from Siberia and with low mountains and narrow roads, really carry off an Olympics in style? Naturally, the question cannot be properly answered yet, but last week, blessed by a stunning run of sunny days, the city hosted a pre-Olympic meet called Sapporo International Sports Week as a test of its facilities, its civic mettle and its essential hospitality. The results were encouraging—perhaps even inspiring.

As one official booklet of the Sapporo Olympic Organizing Committee said in the kind of gentle Japanese-English that is often more eloquent than good grammar. "There have been made preparations, both spiritual and material, in good earnest." In good earnest, indeed.

Never has an Olympic spectacular been so near its final form so soon with such an impressive assortment of man-made venues and God-given vistas. From the 90-meter Okurayama jump hill with its flowing landing ramp and 50,000-seat stadium to the Makomanai indoor skating rink with its dodecagon-capped roof and even to the checker-patterned designs in the ice walls of the bobsled run on Mount Teine, the Japanese have produced something approaching good art. An elegant elliptical stadium that surrounds the Makomanai speed-skating rink was the scene for last week's opening ceremonies (as it will be for the Olympics) and things proceeded with an almost mystical Japanese combination of pomp, clockwork and charm. To the sound of regal band music and a fine massed chorus of students, the crown prince and his princess arrived and soon the infield was covered with military ranks of athletes and officials—about 550 of the 800 assembled being proud, bright-eyed young Japanese athletes. As Japanese words of welcome were spoken, an instant English translation appeared in lights on the computerized Seiko timing board. And then, once the ritual had subsided, hundreds and hundreds of lovely doll-like Japanese children appeared, each carrying a bobbing bouquet of balloons. En masse, they skated unsteadily around and around the racing oval until, at last, they all permitted their balloons to escape slowly into the sky to become countless colored specks against the blue.

Perhaps beauty will be the byword of the Sapporo Games. The Alpine events are to be held on two mountains which, when it comes to sheer breathtaking natural majesty, present panoramas that seem to outdo every travel calendar ever made. On Mount Teine, which is called "The Roof of Sapporo" since it is on the outskirts of town, there are the slaloms and giant slaloms for both men and women, along with the bobsled and the 1,140-meter luge courses. On a clear day you can see eternity through snowy Japanese birches—to the street grids of Sapporo far below and on across the broad flats of the Ishikari plain to the icy waters of the Sea of Japan and beyond. At Mount Eniwa, in Lake Shikotsu National Park, the men's and women's downhill runs form a massive squiggly X across the mountain face, and from the top of the courses there is a vista of delicate black pines and deep blue Lake Shikotsu and mountains that

continued

seem to have risen straight from a Japanese silk print.

Yet once the first raptures over the landscapes had worn off last week, there were some rather sharp points of criticism concerning the Alpine courses. After inspecting the downhill runs, judges from the Fédération Internationale de Ski were appalled to find that neither had sufficient safety nets, hay bales and assorted tree-trunk pads to protect rocketing racers if they fell. They ruled that the top of the men's downhill was too steep and ordered the starting gate moved 150 meters lower. It was a bizarre racecourse even then. Although the top and the bottom seemed steep and classy enough, there were strange long flat sections in the middle—so flat that some of the lesser young Japanese racers (flocks of whom entered the competition) were forced to pole along to keep up momentum.



Ice blocks form checker pattern on luge run.

The FIS experts also agreed that although the slaloms and giant slaloms on Mount Teine were steeper than most World Cup courses (the men's slalom had an average pitch of 25.3 degrees), they felt the runs were too smooth and thus not challenging enough. The Japanese responded by sending up some Sno-Cats and a battalion or so of Japanese soldiers with shovels to build a few new bumps.

In no way has the Sapporo committee spared expense in installing facilities. The Mount Eniwa downhill courses cost more than $2 million, and the complex on Mount Teine came to more than $4 million. In all, the committee has budgeted no less than 6,384,838,000 yen (more than $17 million) for the '72 extravaganza. Beyond that, the treasuries of the Japanese national government, of the Hokkaido prefecture and of the city of Sapporo will contribute another 14,700,000,000 yen ($40 million) for airport improvements and freeway construction.

Even the unfinished and unvarnished elements of the Olympic complex are impressive. The Olympic Village is a vast development that has risen on a sweeping white plain outside Sapporo, a full community for Olympians that will have 23 five-story and two 11-story buildings. It will surely look like the Lefrak City of northern Asia. A $120.5 million subway system, with gleaming bulletlike aluminum trains, is also being built between downtown Sapporo and the Olympic Village about two miles away.

It must be said that even though Sapporo has all its civic ambition fluttering high for the Olympic project, not everyone is completely charmed by it all. Downtown Sapporo has been strangling in construction barricades and Hokkaido hard hats for months, making bad tempers and bad traffic somewhat routine. Also, a committee sworn to preserve the cherry trees of Japan has campaigned against the building of a boiler plant in the Olympic Village on grounds that its fumes could pollute and endanger the rare cherry trees on nearby Mount Sakurayama. One resident of the Makomanai district, where the Olympic Village subway rises from the ground, told a reporter, "Mount Sakurayama can no longer be viewed from my house. Birds no longer visit my garden. My TV images have begun to flicker. Isn't this a kind of environmental disruption?"

Well, whether the '72 Winter Olympics become an environmental disruption or another Japanese national triumph, along the lines of the 1964 Summer Olympics and Expo '70, remains to be seen, but last week's test-pattern competition went smoothly enough. Perhaps too smoothly. The Sapporo committee could well have used a good Siberian blizzard to test its ability to cope with an emergency. Almost no spectators attended some of the more remote events, and except for one splendid, angry traffic tangle just before the opening ceremonies—when cars were stopped for miles around to allow the crown prince's limousine a clear route—the maddening jams that have become routine for Olympics did not occur.

The competition last week was by no means of Olympic caliber, either—largely because World Cup Alpine races and world championships for other events were being held at about the same time in Europe. However, a few top-class athletes turned up to win the "inexpensive gold medal" that the Sapporo committee had modestly promised. The Russians' 1970 world champion cross-country contestants—men, women and relays—dominated their events. Franz Keller of West Germany, the 1968 Olympic combined Nordic events champion, won easily. Perhaps the best all-round field of entries came in ski jumping. There was Czechoslovakia's Jiri Raska, the 1968 Olympic champion at 70 meters, along with Russia's Vladimir Belousov, the '68 champion at 90 meters, and Russia's Gari Napalkov, the 1970 world championship winner in both events, as well as Norway's Ingolf Mork and Japan's Yukio Kasaya, who collected a silver medal in the 70-meter event last year.

For the Japanese, the rising sun climbed highest during the 70-meter jump at Miyanomori Hill. The stands were crowded and the slope alongside the landing run-out was carpeted with several thousand schoolchildren—all of them chattering excitedly together in a massed choir of high voices that sounded like a forest full of crickets. But when their hero, Kasaya, stood poised above them for his final jump, the children suddenly fell silent. Kasaya glided to the lip of the jump, launched himself powerfully, soared with immense grace above



The vista of Lake Shikotsu and its surrounding hills creates a striking backdrop for the men's and woman's downhill courses on Mount Eniwa.

the crowd and landed with a firm clap of his skis. He sped into the run-out area, his hands clasped in triumph over his head. Suddenly the children's voices rose in delight and washed over Kasaya like a burst of music. He had won Japan's first gold medal of the week. Almost immediately Kasaya was squashed in a cursing stampede of Japanese photographers, who formed a flailing, angry human pyramid to shoot him—and may have won both the Olympic and world titles as the most brutal photographic corps on the planet. Later in the week Norway's Mork finished first off the 90-meter jump and Kasaya came home a creditable fourth.

The Alpine competitions were overwhelmed by Europeans. France's Annie Famose, now 26 and definitely middle-aged by racing standards, never stopped chewing gum as she won both the downhill and the giant slalom. Next, Annie raced to a second place in the slalom, just 1/100 second behind Rosi Mittermeier of West Germany. In the three women's Alpine events, Famose, Mittermeier and Jocelyne Périllat, France's dashing 15-year-old waif, shared all three medals. The men's downhill was won by an Italian customs agent named Marcello Varallo and the men's giant slalom went to that extremely veteran Frenchman, Georges Mauduit.

The U.S. sent a skeleton team to compete that managed to distinguish itself at the opening ceremonies by marching among the immaculately uniformed teams of other nationals in cool-and-casual wear that made the Americans look as though they had just been shopping at the Larchmont A&P. As expected, Julie Lynn Holmes won a gold medal in figure skating and America's slender 14-year-old Dorothy Hamill won a bronze. The only U.S. Alpine skiers to compete were Rosi Fortna, Hank Kashiwa and a cocky new boy from Anchorage, Alaska named Paul Crews. Given to wearing frayed and baggy ski pants and bearing a strong resemblance to Steve McQueen, Crews astonished everyone by winning a bronze medal in the downhill. When asked about his performance, he shrugged as if it were perfectly predictable, and said, "Listen, we deal in superlatives around here."

Once last week's dress rehearsal was over, Sapporo could begin to assess its performance—and its potential—as an international host. It was true that almost nobody beyond the plastic lobbies of Western-style hotels could speak any language but Japanese. And it was true that the snow on the streets had turned a depressing black, that a sour beige smog hung overhead much of the time and that every taxi driver in town had a streak of kamikaze in him. Yet no one could deny the charm and the hospitality of a city where the garbage trucks play gay music over loudspeakers, where the local dairy industry insists upon giving free milk to hung-over reporters at breakfast and where the children cry out hallo! to every *gaijin* (foreigner) they see.

Whatever happens, one can scarcely help wonder what might have become of Sapporo and the XI Winter Olympiad if William Smith Clark had simply said sayonara when he left town that day. Who knows? Perhaps a big Hokkaido bear would be holding forth in place of Avery Brundage. **END**

CHAMPION OF THE ARMCHAIR ATHLETES

Dr. Delano Meriwether, a mild-mannered hematologist, strips off his lab coat, dons a swimsuit and runs for fun **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

Walter Mitty, alias Dr. Delano Meriwether (*see cover*), was still in the running last weekend, but he almost woke up from the dream. The Baltimore blood specialist who has given indoor track a shot in the arm this season with his astonishing performances in the dashes, stumbled coming out of the blocks in the semifinals of the 60 at the Times Indoor Games in Los Angeles. Despite a courageous rally, he finished behind Bobby Turner and Mel Pender, the eventual winner, and missed out on the finals for the first time in his brief and wholly improbable career.

Dr. Meriwether, who took up indoor track just last month when he ran in the National Invitational Meet in College Park, Md. (SI, Jan. 18), was the great favorite of the Forum crowd, just as he has been everywhere he goes. He was greeted by whistles, cheers and loud applause when he lined up for his heat. After his customary bad start, he was a full three feet behind at the midway point, but he came on to finish first. Unfortunately, he pulled his left hamstring in the process, and that affliction plus his stumbling start did him in in the semifinals. The following night in Louisville he pulled his right hamstring while winning his heat of the 70-yard dash and watched from the sidelines as Pender won the finals in 6.8, tying his own world record.

Will the injuries force Dr. Meriwether to give up track? "Even if I broke my leg or injured a nerve, I'd be thinking of running," he said stoutly. "It does two things for me—exercise and entertainment—and I'm not about to give it up. But I've been wondering how long I have left. You can't sprint the way I do—burn the last 20 yards—and expect to stay healthy or beat the good ones."

Even if he never ran another step Dr. Meriwether has compiled an extraordinary record this winter. Prior to last weekend, he had competed in seven meets, finishing first twice, second three times, third once and fifth once. His best time for the 60 was 6.0, one-tenth off the world record, and he won the 50 at the Boston AA meet, where he was chosen the outstanding athlete. More to the point, Dr. Meriwether has become the champion of millions of armchair athletes who know in their hearts they can knock a Bob Gibson fastball out of the park, kick the winning field goal with nine seconds showing on the clock or deck Muhammad Ali. In less than two months Dr. Meriwether has become an authentic folk hero. 27 years old, never a competitive runner until last summer, a distinguished medical researcher.

Dr. Meriwether is so new to track and so appealingly innocent that he doesn't realize what his presence means to meet promoters. Instead of demanding a first-class round-trip ticket, he gladly flies coach because he is delighted to be competing anywhere. His training time is ludicrously brief. When he can get away from his lab at the Baltimore Cancer Research Center, he has to train figuratively and literally in the dark. There are no lights on the outdoor tracks at Johns Hopkins or Morgan State, and there are no proper indoor facilities nearby. So twice a week, thrice if he's lucky, he sets off in the dark of night to run by himself. He has no coach to advise him, either. "To ask a coach to come out at night to see me run in the dark is a little ridiculous, needless to say," says Dr. Meriwether. "A coach could see very little and furthermore it's not safe to practice starts at night. I might get a volley in return."



In a typical Meriwether start, his competitors

The explosion of the starter's gun is still so strange to the doctor's ears that he had an acquaintance meet him on the morning of his race at the Forum last week to fire a blank pistol into the air. After nine rounds were expended in the empty arena, Dr. Meriwether announced that he had become accustomed to the sound. Up until then, he had heard a total of four rounds fired in practice. As he himself admits, his starts are atrocious. The gun goes off and away goes the rest of the field. Dr. Meriwether, who didn't choose to specialize in proctology, is left staring at five behinds. The main trouble seems to be his arms. "Both of them apparently go back together," he says. "I feel my pectorals tightening up and I think, hmm, that's odd for a sprinter. My deltoids should be more active." Starting is such a problem to the doctor that he has to think about routine procedures, such as which foot goes where in that strange contraption called the starting blocks. "I don't know when I make my biggest move," he says. "As far as when I catch my opponents, *if* I catch them, it's usually near the 45th or 50th yard, I think. Sometimes I never catch them."

Track nuts, who have watched Dr. Meriwether run, drool at the thought of what he could do with a little instruction. Jumbo Elliott, the Villanova track coach, saw him compete at the Knights of Columbus meet in Madison Square Garden a fortnight ago, and Elliott was both delighted and aghast.

"He's got to use his arms and move out of the blocks," Jumbo said. "If he does, he'll be fantastic. He's an economical sprinter—he doesn't have too much waste motion once he gets started, and he stays close to the ground. He has a light touch. I'd love to talk to him for just three or four hours."

Informed of this, Dr. Meriwether said in his very measured manner, "I certainly appreciate that. I respect him as a coach. I've heard criticism of my arm action before, and it's one of my real shortcomings. I did my internship at the Hospitals of the University of Pennsylvania, so I am familiar with the name Elliott. I followed Larry James during his career, and no doubt Elliott has a lot to offer. I am very happy to hear that he would be willing to give me pointers. I have a number of shortcomings. I may see him. It depends."

Somewhat to the doctor's surprise, rival sprinters have been free with pointers and praise. Says Dr. Meriwether, "Sprinters are supposed to be egotistical dudes who know they're good and have the right to feel they can beat the best around. But there have been no intimidating remarks at all."

Hasn't anyone tried to psych you? "Absolutely not." Have you tried to psych anyone? "I don't know how," Dr. Meriwether says, adding, "I have my work cut out for me when they say, 'Get into your blocks.' Every remark has been helpful. Charlie Greene has made some favorable comments and given me a number of pointers. He's emphasized ways of getting out of the blocks a little quicker, he's emphasized my arm action. I haven't had a chance to follow up on them. Pender has given me some very good pointers. Again, I haven't had a chance to work on them. Jim Green will point out that I let my knees drop in the last 10 yards, or something on that order. They all fully realize that I will get a chance to follow up on their pointers, but personally I don't want to know every secret they have. However, I certainly appreciate them making comments voluntarily that may be of help to me. It takes a very good spirit to say to me, 'You may beat me, but why not consider this?' "

A couple of hours before a race Dr. Meriwether goes into what approximates a trance, not coming out of it until perhaps 10 minutes after the finals. "I must concentrate," he explains. "Concentration is important to me. I review, perhaps in a very unorganized fashion, some of the things I have picked up. Hopefully, in time I'll be able to do these things automatically. At this stage, to do well in the caliber of competition I'm in, concentration is needed on my part. If the Buffalo Bills had to play the Los Angeles Rams on Friday night and come right back and play the Minnesota Vikings on Saturday night, it would be a little taxing."

When Dr. Meriwether lines up for a race, he is a striking figure in his getup

continued



are off and running with the gun while the good doctor slowly rises from the blocks.



Dr. Meriwether analyzes serum samples in his Baltimore Cancer Research Center lab.

of gold swimming trunks, white hospital shirt and white and gold suspenders. "I wore this uniform at my very first indoor meet," he says, "and it has not changed in the slightest since. It will stay this way for the entire indoor season and I will stick with it whether I win or lose. Why the swim trunks? They are reasonably tight fitting, and I think that athletes who are well built should pride themselves on having some part of their body look reasonably well. It's hard for me to believe that the top sprinters in the country don't realize that their legs look really muscular. In an effort to emphasize this strong point, I felt that instead of wearing standard boxer-type, loose-fitting pants, why not put on something that's a little more appealing? As far as the hospital shirt is concerned, this is the only thing I had to run in. The suspenders are afunctional. They don't hold up anything. They're part of the uniform."

And why are the suspenders part of the uniform? Dr. Meriwether smiles and says, "They just happened to be something I wanted to wear. If there were a law passed saying I had to have a reason for the suspenders, I'd say they're to keep my hospital shirt from ballooning out. They're for vanity's sake, I guess. Showmanship? Hmm, obviously that element is there. Conceivably the suspenders could be an identifying mark. Now, the sprinter from Madagascar has a very long name [Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa], and so everyone refers to him as the guy from Madagascar. So runners can refer to me as the guy with the suspenders. For experienced sprinters to say of an upstart like me, 'I was beaten by Meriwether' is having to give something, and so if they say, 'I was beaten by the guy in the suspenders,' it's easier for them."

The suspenders may also be a concession to his age. Dr. Meriwether will be 28 on April 23. He was born in Nashville, and when he was 2 his family moved to Charleston, S.C. His father, W. R. Meriwether, had a degree in education, but when he first arrived in Charleston he worked as a pipe fitter in the naval shipyard. Shortly afterward he began teaching science at Burke High School, where he now is the principal. Mrs. Meriwether, the doctor's mother, is an elementary school teacher, and the only other child, Sue Francis, 23, is also a teacher.

"Perhaps I got my scientific interests from my father," Dr. Meriwether says. "I always have been interested in biology in particular. While I was in high school—no, my father didn't teach me—I wanted to do something with living animals, and there was an opening at a veterinary hospital. I was able to get a job there as a caretaker. This was fun, believe me. In fact, I entered the state science fair with an exhibit entitled *Internal Parasites of the Dog*. It involved all the numerous kinds of worms a dog can have. I collected them from stools, down on my hands and knees with tweezers, and I collected heartworms at surgery or from an autopsy. Heartworms are common in the Charleston area; they are transmitted by a species of mosquito. It's exciting to detect the presence of the filarial form of this particular parasite. This exhibit went on to the National Science Fair and won an award from the American Veterinary Association. It was the first year they ever gave one. The following year I expanded the exhibit to include external parasites, and it went on to the National Science Fair, where it placed in the rankings of exhibits."

Dr. Meriwether received a small academic scholarship to Michigan State, where he took a preveterinary course. He was accepted into veterinary school at the end of two years but, he says, "I changed my mind and thought that perhaps I could contribute something in the field of medicine. I would have liked to have been a veterinarian, but I felt that medicine offered more of a challenge, and this was appealing to me."

At the end of his third year at Michigan State he was accepted for admission to Duke Medical School. He left Michigan without an undergraduate degree, indeed, his only degree is the M.D. he received from Duke in 1967. In his first year there Meriwether decided he would become a hematologist, a specialist in blood diseases. "I was quite fortunate," he says, "in having contact with Dr. Charles Mengel, who not only stimulated my interest in research but who also had a tremendous influence on my ultimately becoming a hematologist. He was very interested in young people."

Being the first black at Duke Medical School was, says Dr. Meriwether, contrary to what one might expect, in fact what he characterizes as "a comfortable situation. Medical school has its trying times regardless of who you are. As far as added stresses were concerned, I could detect very, very few if any. I was more concerned with learning as much as I could about taking care of human beings. I had little time for outside endeavors."

One of the few for which he found time was visiting Bennett, a black women's college 60 miles from Durham, where he would, as he says, "sit around on the lawn and look at girls." At Bennett he met Myrtle Capehart when she happened to be sitting on the hood of his car in the parking lot during a homecoming weekend. Always soft-spoken, Dr. Meriwether inquired, "Young lady, do you make a habit of sitting on someone's car?" They began dating and were married in 1968, two weeks after Myrtle graduated. They have one child, a girl 15 months old, also named Myrtle but called Mitzi.

During his internship at Penn and his

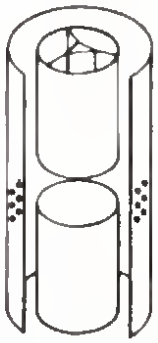
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residency at Ohio State University Hospitals, Dr. Meriwether would make it a point to visit other hospitals so he could widen his range of experience. "At the University of Pennsylvania hospital," he says, "we tended to have patients who said, 'I'm having that stomach trouble again, doctor,' but at another hospital a patient might be arriving in a coma."

At Penn and Ohio State the doctor began working on papers, either as junior author or on his own. He collaborated with Dr. Mengel on a series on an unusual blood disease that was published in such journals as *Biochemistry*, *Blood* and *The Journal of Clinical Investigation* and was the senior author of a paper published in the British journal *Nature*. On his own, Dr. Meriwether wrote a paper about a patient who came in from the cold at Ohio State with a body temperature of 84°. The article is due to appear in the *American Journal of Medicine*. "It was interesting to follow this patient along and note her general physiologic changes," Dr. Meriwether says. "Of course, any and every patient has some significance for virtually every doctor. A patient is a human being." The doctor has a number of other papers in press. He likes writing because, as he puts it, "writing requires clear thinking."

In 1969 Dr. Meriwether joined the Baltimore Cancer Research Center, a subdivision of the National Cancer Institute, which in turn is part of the National Institutes of Health. During his first year in Baltimore he was involved in the care of patients with leukemia and other malignant diseases, but he is now primarily concerned with testing experimental antileukemic drugs on mice.

Dr. Meriwether took up track last winter because it was, according to him, "relaxing physical exertion. I wasn't thinking about a drug dosage or a diagnosis. I owe it to myself to get away for a few hours from medicine and socioeconomic problems."

He began running in February of 1970 after attending a local track meet and did very well competing in sneakers on armory floors in a series of minor meets. One day last July he was at home watching the U.S. vs. France track meet on television. The U.S. sprinters had a bad day, and the doctor turned to his wife and said, "I could beat those guys." Myrtle sort of shrugged and said, "Sure, honey." That was all the encouragement the doctor needed. He campaigned briefly outdoors, running the 100 in 9.6, 9.5 and 9.4.

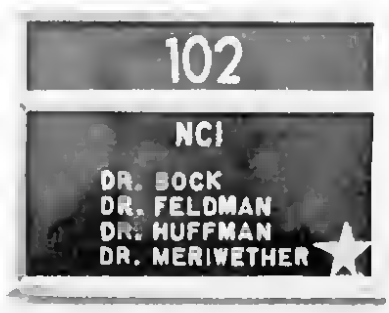
Dr. Meriwether's excursions on the boards have caused no difficulties with his colleagues at the research center. His boss, Dr. Nicholas Bachur, says, "We're enthralled. He has extremely good relations with his colleagues because of his easygoing competence and high ability in his scientific work. Next to his family, we're his biggest cheering section." Outside Dr. Meriwether's office door an associate has placed a star next to his name. Says Dr. Meriwether, "There have been absolutely no discouraging remarks in terms of upholding the image of a physician or putting in time in the laboratory. I think it goes without saying, among those who know me, that I stay until I'm satisfied with my work. Fortunately, my laboratory work has been coming along quite well. I've been extremely pleased with the way things have developed and, if anything, I may be a little ahead of schedule in terms of getting my laboratory work done. However, this still demands time, and in the past couple of weeks it has been particularly taxing. There have been a couple of nights when I've worked past midnight, and I've seen the sun rise on occasion. I've had a lot of support from my wife. She also knows that I realize I'm getting old. If I'm going to run, perhaps it's already too late. But still, if I'm going to get this out of my system, I might as well do it now. My wife helps remind me that although this new added dimension of competitive track is an exciting one, for me medicine comes first. There's no doubt that if I had to make the decision between a patient or my work vs. track, track would have to go."

Whether or not Dr. Meriwether will run outdoors is undecided at this point, to say nothing about any ambitions for the 1972 Olympics. "There are a variety of factors that will influence how much I will pursue outdoor running," he said early last week, "and outdoors is perhaps better suited for me. First of all, I have to get through the indoor season. I have to take it race by race. Certainly, my running program has been a little heavy compared to that of the more experienced runners. For example, Charlie Green is taking it easy now. He's been around, so he knows how it's done. He knows that two meets a week for three straight weeks is not the way to do it. But again, I'm very early, or perhaps very late, in my track career and I am eager to run.

"Secondly, I have to contend with injuries. After every race I'm a little sore. I'm not sure that this is shared by every runner. I've talked with some of the more experienced runners, and they say that they are sore, too. It's my legs usually, sometimes hamstrings, sometimes interior thigh muscles. This usually lasts two, three or four days and is gone by the following week. Thirdly, my work demands may change July 1. Then I will be in Boston at the Thorndike Memorial Laboratory, one of the major hematology laboratories in the country, which is a subdivision of Harvard. I will be on the staff of the Harvard service, but I'll primarily be concerned with laboratory research. If it's impossible for me to run, well, I will not run."

If he can run, the doctor expects to do better in the 100 than he has in the 60, because the start is not as critical. In Los Angeles last week, Mel Pender gave voice to the opinion that Dr. Meriwether could do 9.1 in the 100, which would mean he would tie the world record. The doctor himself says, "I would say I am best suited for the quarter-mile, but I would never run it competitively. It takes too much out of me in terms of a training program."

Whether or not the doctor continues depends, then, on several factors, of which medicine is the main one. But even if he doesn't compete after July 1, he certainly will take a couple of hours a week to get out and sprint on his own. "My body is exercising and my mind is relaxing," he says, "and I think these are the essentials of sport." END



One of Dr. Meriwether's colleagues, who are his most avid fans, elevated him to star status

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I GOT A SURPRISE FOR CLAY

"I'm a small piece of leather but I'm well put together,

and nobody commands me. . . . I don't see how he can survive, unless he runs." So says Joe Frazier in a rare interview with Morton Sharnik

Two million dollars and change is a lot of gold. That's no lie. But this fight means more to me than the money. The fight itself is that important. When I first started out, money was the thing. That's why a man turns pro—it ain't enough to be good, he wants to get paid for it.

Before Clay and this fight came up, I had that taken care of. I've got money put away so my kids can go to college. There's enough so when they come around and tell me they want new clothes, or music lessons, or "Daddy, I want a motorcycle," I don't have to say sorry, we can't afford it. I won't have to listen to them say, "How come, Daddy? You were a big fighter, you made a lot of money. What happened to all the

cash?" But most men, when they start out, have goals. I mean, they going to do this and going to do that. Well, from the beginning, Clay has been *the man*. The one I wanted to beat. You're never sure you'll ever get there, get to the Big One, but I have. All the goals have been met and now there's one left—Cassius Clay. And I got him March 8th.

From the beginning, this is the fight I wanted. That's all I heard when I was coming up—Clay's this and Clay's that, Clay's the man. When I came from the Olympics he told me, "Come on up, work hard and I'll make you rich." You know what? I came up, I got rich and he got poor. Now I'm making *him* rich. Ain't that something? I mean, he ought to kiss me. I got him back in the fight game and got him two-and-a-half million dollars besides.

It's funny how life turns. If it weren't for me he wouldn't be a fighter today. He wouldn't have no reason to tie the gloves back on. But all that time he couldn't fight, I kept him alive. I would never say anything bad about him, regardless of what he stands for. If anybody ask me, I have nothing but good to say about him. I tell 'em his religion is his belief. That's his right.

Still, I say he's a loudmouth. He makes a bunch of noise. But I don't see why he wants to talk that I'm a Tom, that I don't stand up for the black man. Sure I stand up for the black man. But the most important thing, I stand up for Joe Frazier. That's where it all begins, each man standing up for himself and looking after his family.

Clay, he makes me laugh. What do he know about hard times? Bigmouthing and loud talk, yeah he's an expert on that, but hard times—that's something else. At least in boxing, everything has been easy for him. He had a white man in the corner and those rich plantation people to back him. A white lawyer kept him out of jail. And *he's* going to Uncle Tom me. Now, I have a black man as a manager and both white and black people in the group backing me. But long before there was anybody, there was Joe Frazier, working hard, making it on his own. Ever since I came up from the South, in 1961 or '62, I had a steady job. Most of the time it was in the slaughterhouse, hard, long work. Sometimes I had three or four jobs. I got married young, had kids and wanted to take care of them. I wanted to be somebody. Make something of myself. So I'd go to work 4:30 in the morning, work until 6 at night, then go into the gym. Often I'd run at night after I got through. Trying to get my body in shape, sacrifice so as I could make it. I neglected my family a lot, but it was for a good cause, for me and for them.

When I go to training camp, I go to training camp—nothing gets in my way. I've always pushed myself. Like most of my strength came to me long before I began to box. If something was hard, why I'd just make it a little harder, more complicated so that I'd put more in and get more out. That's how I've always trained for fights. Like now I should be really working with three guys maybe three rounds. I don't want to kill myself—leave the fight in the gym—but I want to make things that much more difficult for myself, so when I get to the real thing it will be that much more easy for me. Instead of going three rounds, I'm boxing eight. That is why I perform good in the ring. I work so hard in camp, and punish myself, and then when the bell rings I'm ready. I'm turned on. I hit the smallest speed bag, a peanut bag. No heavyweight uses one that small, and I can run it as long as I want. I roll it, potshot and move it. Everything I do is at speeded-up tempo, to my rock-music time.

I'm going to be in shape for this fight. I'm going to be ready, and I'm going to whup him. That's what this fight will be all about—conditioning. And there's no way he's going to be in better shape than me. Conditioning, that's my thing. But for him to win he'd have to be in much better shape than me, because he has to do two things: 1—move backwards, 2—fight. Me, I only have to fight. It's that simple.

But that ol' Clay is crazy. He's something else. He goes around the country, preaching that so-called black talk. He's a phony. You know what I mean. He calls people ugly. Now what do that have to do with anything? We didn't make ourselves—God made us.

Well, that cat is something else. But he's falling into the same trick bag as all those other guys I fought. Clay says he going to do this to me and do that to me. He's been talking this jive—now he's going to jab me silly. Clay's going to find out one thing. He can't hit with that jab as easy as he think he can. He can *throw* it. I don't wanna stop him from throwing it, but I can stop it when I want to. If I don't beat him to the punch, then I'll slip it. I'm not going to get away from all of them, you know what I mean. If I have to take a couple of them, sure. But I'm not going to let him bang me around like a punching bag. If he think that, he got another thought. No, it ain't going to be easy. He's good and I'm good, and that's what fights should be about. Me or him.

Now I got a surprise for him. The rest of the guys play me cheap. You know, Joe Frazier's a toy. Wind him up and he goes. You see, I laugh, I smile, I don't get evil and I don't get mean. So they think I'm a joke, until—until I climb through the ring. Outside, I look easy. That's always the way. I mean, until you get in with a guy, you always put down the problems. You see difficulties, but at the same time you see yourself overcoming. In the ring it's something else.

I don't look fast until I'm chasing the man himself. Then I must be fast, faster than I look, because I always get my man. That's the way it's always been—it must be that I *look* easy. Mathis was going to outbox me, Ellis was going to outslick me and Quarry—well, Quarry was going to outgut me. They was *all* wrong, but Quarry was a fool. He played my game. He tried to do my thing, and that is a mistake, because that's the way I live, the way I've brought myself up.

If I was Clay, I'd look at the Mathis fight. If there's a way to fight me—that's it. Buster, he fought a good fight, long as he could. But me and Yank Durham had it figured right on the nose. I stayed with Buster all the way. The idea was to keep on top of him, smother his power. Sure, I made some mistakes. Sometimes I wasn't close enough, and like Buster nailed me with good shots. But I was ready, my body could take the punishment, and I kept at him. And that didn't do him no good. I let Buster box and I let Buster run and then I slow-walked him, and finally he was there ready to be taken out. The Mathis plan was right, the only thing wrong—a big man can't run backwards for 15 rounds, not even for five rounds steady running.

Yeah, it was a good fight for Buster, but a better fight for me. Until then everybody said I was a one-handed fighter, but I showed them. The punch I knocked Buster into the ropes with was a right hand. I think it was sometime in

continued

the 11th or 12th round. You know, I forget how long the fights go. But I hit him with some right hooks and I outjabbed him in spots. That's something else people claimed I can't do. But I have a good jab, a stiff one. Mine, I step in and punch. You see, it ain't how long your arm is, but your timing and position. There'll be times when I'll outjab Clay, but I'll pick the spots.

The biggest jump for me was Eddie Machen. That's when I knew I was coming on. For nine hard rounds I was in with a tough, smart boxer, and still I kept punching and punching until Machen went in the 10th round. Machen had gotten by all the good young fighters on the Coast, all the ones SPORTS ILLUSTRATED wrote about in that story on the young top heavyweights. Yeah, Machen, he was slick but I beat him. All those guys—where are they now? I was rated practically last, and I remember the story said I was a one-arm, predictable fighter and I probably would never get out of the gym. Now ain't that something? I guess the magazine was wrong. But so were a lot of other people, and most of them were my opponents. But they know better now. Quarry was looking for my left hand, but I hit him with right uppercuts. That taught him different. I mean, Quarry learned that I could fool a man, that I could fight different than he expected.

In the first round, I played possum with Quarry. I covered up and let him take his best shot, and I watched him. I took no chances, and he found I wasn't so easy to tag with solid punches. A lot of them I blocked or slipped. Then in the second round, I came out and asked Quarry, "You through? 'Cause I'm going to work. It's my turn." I talked to him all during the fight and I told him, "Jerry, I'm going to kill you."

I talk to all the guys in the ring. It's like this—outside, before the fight, they have their time. During the fight, that's mine. I have something to say to all of them. During the fight with Ellis, when Ellis hit me a good punch, I asked him, "Come on, sissy, is that as hard as you can hit?" Later, when he was missing and missing, I asked him, "What's the matter, can't you find me?" See, Jimmy, too, thought I'd be easy to hit.

Buster, I talked to all the time. I said, "Come on, sucker, I got something for you." I called Buster a Tom 'cause he would never speak for himself. Now I'll talk to Clay. He thinks he can talk, I'll show him something. I'll lay it on him. I'll be talking all during the fight. Sometimes I might even laugh. That's no fooling. I do that often. No, I'm not putting anybody on, that's just the way I feel. It's like when a guy hits me with his best shot and I don't hardly feel it, then it comes to me—this cat laid a good one on me. So I laugh. I mean, it's kind of hard to explain, but it has to do with a feeling of confidence, of knowing that all the hard work, all the training stood up.

Probably I could always take a punch. If not, then I couldn't have survived Bonavena and Ramos. It's not that I have a steel head or nothing, but I condition myself for it. Every day I soak my head in rock salt and water. Who-e-e-e, does that make me mean. But that toughens my skin, and maybe it works on the bones. All I know is you look at Clay and then look at me. He's been cut over one eye and someplace around the lip. It looks to me like he had maybe 13 stitches. Well I have none.

It's got so now I feel as if I can't be knocked out. Sure, I know that's a strange thing to say, but that's how I feel. I've been hit with some real good shots, good right hand by Bonavena in the first fight and another one by Ramos, but since then I've gotten better and tougher—much better. I've got confidence, now. It's like this—I don't have to think what to do, I just do it. But if I'm tagged, my instinct is to move in on the other guy. This way, I smother his punches. I get in close, then they can't get to me and they don't know if I'm hurt. That's all conditioning—that's what does it.

Now they say Clay is going to challenge me, that he's bigger and stronger and punching hard. Well, I hope he does, but any man is crazy to try it. That's *my* thing. When they challenge me, that's it. My punches get an inspiration. I hit harder and fight better. I mean, that's what this boxing business is all about—just me and the other guy. That's when it's beautiful. When it's me or him. And Joe Frazier don't ever intend for it to be him. I just get this feeling—you got to go, instead of me.

It's like this. Most every time I step in the ring it seems like I'm challenged. I'm a short heavyweight, and these big guys are thinking and acting like they got the power over me. They command me. Well, see, I can't take that. I'm a small piece of leather but I'm well put together, and nobody commands me—nobody. That's when the feeling comes into my body.

Nobody gets stronger as the fight gets longer, but I pick it up as the fight goes along. The first round, I'm a little tight, and that's when you'll see the other guys doing his thing. Then as I go around, my legs and everything get looser. Look back over my fights and you'll see what I mean. Ellis, Quarry, Buster all had big first rounds, and that's the way it was the last time out with Bob Foster. In the second round I knock him out.

Now Clay's figuring to run. He thinks he can move for five, six, seven or eight rounds and then stick around and do what he wants to do after that. But I got a surprise for him. As long as he moves, I'll stay on him—if I don't do nothing but touch him every now and then just to let him know I'm there. Everywhere he goes in that ring, I'll be there. If he goes left, I'll be with him, and if he moves right—he won't lose me. No, man, he's in trouble. Because sometimes I'll be there to meet him. And if he tries to go side to side, it's no good. Maybe he's O.K. when he moves left, but when he comes right he has to stop and punch, and I'll be waiting, ready to smoke.

I can put pressure on a man and make him fight his own self. Make him throw punches and miss. That's how I did Ellis. Missing takes a lot out of a man. Let Clay ask his friend Jimmy Ellis. Actually, I don't punch until the other guy do, and then I beat him to the body. You see, I'm really a counterpuncher when I go to the body.

Now the ring ain't square like people from the outside think. It's round, but only so big when you're inside. That's what Clay is goin' to discover. First off, I cut the ring in half. Then I keep slicing until there's no room to run and there ain't nothin' to do but fight. I mean, I don't chase, I cut a man off. I'm going to keep cutting the ring on Clay—I'm going to make Clay fight. If he moves, it won't be 'cause he want to, but 'cause I'm making him. I don't see how he's going to survive—unless he runs. And if he does, there's only so long before he gives out. But that's his problem.

He's going to find out that Joe Frazier don't hurt easy and he don't discourage quick. I'm going to make the cat stay down to business. He can keep

continued

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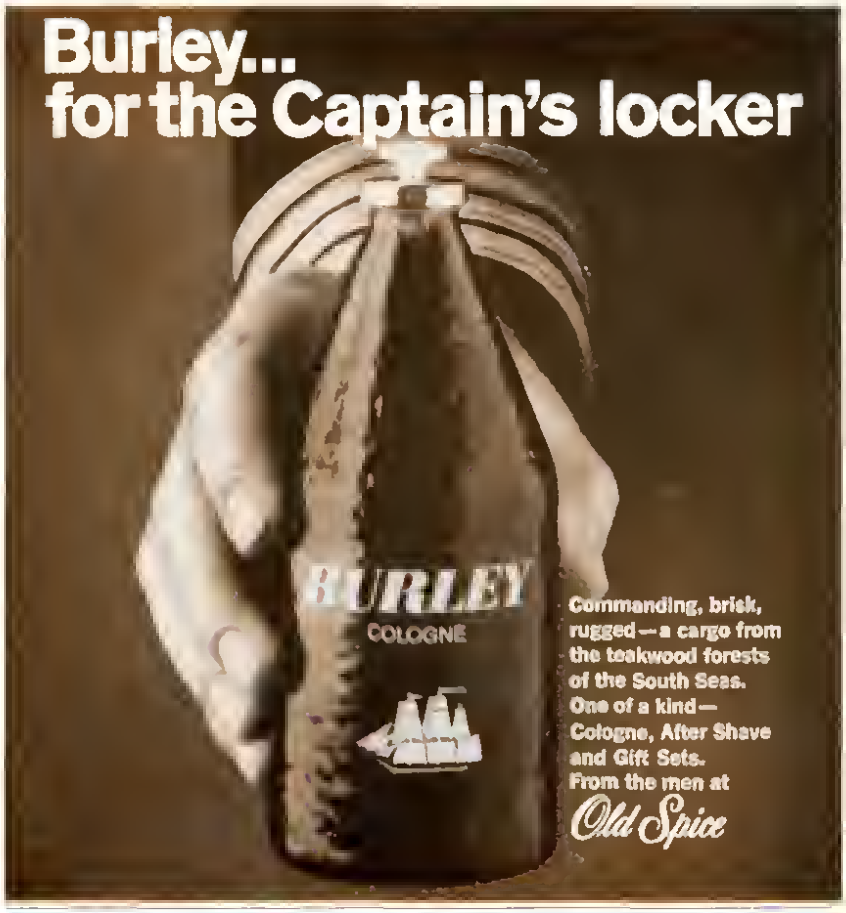
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that pretty head, I don't want it. What I'm going to do is try to pull them kidneys out. I'm going to be at where he lives—in the body. Then I'll be in business, when I get smoking around the body. Watch him—he'll be snatching his pretty head back and I'll let him keep it. Until about the third or fourth round, and then there'll be a difference. He won't be able to take it to the body no more. Now he'll start snatching his sore body away, and then the head will be leaning in. That's when I'll take his head, but then it won't be pretty, or maybe he just won't care.

The man has troubles, I mean he has bad problems. He wants to be pretty as a woman. He wants to be good in his movements and he wants to be heavyweight champion of the world. No way he can do it. If that wasn't enough, the man has to be more famous than a politician, bigger 'n the President. He's the greatest, the biggest in everything he do, and no man can be all those things. He loudmouthed so long and bigtalked so much that he put himself in a box. You know what I mean? The man has to do or die. I think he's going to die.

Now me, I just want to be the best at boxing. And I'm going to do my best. Give it all I got, do what I ever must to beat Clay. Now I don't like to think about it, 'cause it ain't going to happen. And I never talk about it. But if—*if* I lose, I'd walk away and never feel bad. I'll tell you why. Because I did all I could, there was nothing more to do. That's it. That's all a man can do.

No, I wouldn't want him back, because the challenge would be gone from boxing. So I'd just go on to somethin' else. Now Clay, what about him? What's he going to do? That's what I mean when I say I'm going to check his mind out. I'm going to put something on him. I'm going to smoke on the man, and what then? What's going to run through his mind when that happens? I think Clay feels something like this: I'm in his way and he has to push me aside. Now I tell you this: in his own mind the man isn't sure he can do it. I feel the same way—except I've been there before. You know what I mean? I've been to the bad wars. As a fighter, I'm together. I've proved I can take a punch, but what about Clay? Is he together—or will he come apart when I put something on him, when I start smoking where he lives? See what I mean? **END**





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In 1916, Metropolitan Life did something about it. With help from The National Tuberculosis Association, a medical team was organized to go to a typical sick town to try to make it well. The town that cooperated was Framingham, Mass.

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Today, organizations are solving public health problems, using techniques that were originated in Framingham.

What was just an idea 55 years ago is common practice today.

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We sell life insurance.
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Off Florida's northwest coast lies a nightmare of an island, a place of darkness and danger. But to a fisherman St. Vincent can be a dream of an entirely different kind

by DAN LEVIN



BUGS AND BOGS AND IMMORTAL BASS

Indian Pass, on Florida's northwest Gulf coast, is only 1,500 feet wide, but it might as well be 1,500 miles. To cross it is to enter another world, a world consisting entirely of St. Vincent Island. St. Vincent is a weird, 12,000-acre blend of the Bronx Zoo, a fisherman's fantasy and local chamber of horrors. St. Vincent crawls with a witches' brew of scorpions, four-inch spiders, seven-foot rattlesnakes and water moccasins. A super race of mosquitoes and flies is lurking there to drive you mad; with luck, St. Vincent's wild hogs—which grow to 400 pounds—will merely drive you up a tree. Then why bother to go there? Well, should you survive the welcoming committee, in five freshwater ponds there are largemouth black bass only slightly smaller than the wild hogs.

The ponds of St. Vincent Island total only 600 acres, and few people have ever fished them, but one thing is clear to those who have: they are flirting with angling immortality on every cast. The 22¼-pound world-record largemouth bass has stood without serious challenge for 39 years, but two years ago on St. Vincent a Florida game biologist named Charlie Turner caught an 18-pounder, and he was so unimpressed that he gave it away. A close friend, also a biologist, says he has personally seen at least a dozen larger bass in the island's ponds. "There is just no practical tackle that can hold them," he says. "Either something gives way or they run into the brush along the shore and you have to break off. Who wants to get out of the boat and swim around after them with all those alligators and water moccasins?"

A St. Vincent Island fishing *continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM



scene is straight out of *The African Queen*. The water is dark and mysterious, and as sunset approaches eerie cries and groans fill the marshes. Alligators glide silently. Eagles and hawks wheel overhead. A newcomer to the island sits in a kayak beneath overhanging palms and flips a surface lure to the reedy shore. What happens in the next two minutes will haunt him always. He twitches the lure, then watches it disappear into a hole the size of a washtub. The bass that jumps clear of the water looks like a short, chunky alligator. Holding the fish on 10-pound line, even in open water, suddenly seems ludicrous, and quickly the bass is free. The fisherman has a sick feeling in his stomach, but there is no time for brooding. The sun is nearly gone, and it is two miles to the landing, with many turns and dead-end channels to test one's memory. The trip back has just begun when the boat nearly rams a dark mass the size of a truck at the channel's edge; the truck sprouts four legs and runs careening through the reeds, mowing down small trees. It is a seven-foot-tall sambar deer. So goes a typical evening on St. Vincent Island.

Considering its attractions for the adventurous, and its proximity to the mainland, St. Vincent has a unique quality: it would probably be easier to organize a fishing trip to the upper Amazon. The problem and salvation for St. Vincent are the rules set up by its owners, the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Visitors must be off the island by nightfall. No motorized vehicles are allowed on the island's web of rough roads, and no outboards may be used in the ponds.

This leaves two options for fishermen. They may trailer a boat to Indian Pass, cross the water towing a smaller boat for fishing, then carry it eight miles to the nearest pond. The small boat is a necessity because the ponds are completely surrounded by marsh, and no fishing is possible from shore. An alternative is a 12-mile boat trip from Apalachicola to a tidal stream on St. Vincent's northeast shore. The fishermen would then go upstream to a dam, leave their motor, carry their boat over the dam and paddle inland to the first pond. At any rate, whichever the tactic, in order to be off by nightfall the visitors must leave the ponds well before the best fishing begins each evening. The only ones exempt from these rules are government fish-and-game people. We were lucky to have a friend in Charlie Turner. We rented a house on the mainland and crossed the channel at 3 a.m. each morning, taking a four-wheel-drive vehicle to the island on a government-owned barge, permanently moored at Indian Pass.

Our first day on St. Vincent began with a screech of brakes. A family of six wild hogs stood in the road and stared at the truck—five scruffy piglets and a 350-pound sow. They had been digging for roots, a favorite pig pastime that turns most island roads into freshly plowed fields. St. Vincent hogs are not fussy eaters. When not eating roads, they can be found on the beach dining on jellyfish and shellfish, and the eggs of seabirds and loggerhead turtles. St. Vincent is one of the last stretches of U.S. coast where loggerheads lay their eggs. Hogs are the turtles' mortal enemies, eating the eggs and even chewing the flippers off the turtles themselves. Charlie Turner and Co. conduct occasional mercy missions to the island during the loggerhead spring spawning season, but the hogs do not frighten easily and, though they may leave the beach temporarily, they return as soon as the men go away.



St. Vincent is so overrun with hogs that a three-day bow-hunt season was declared in July of 1969. It was the first public hunt in the island's history and 80 archers killed 60 hogs, but they weren't very happy doing it. There were swarms of ticks, crawling insects and yellow flies that raised terrible welts, and the heat was so oppressive that none of the archers penetrated inland for more than a mile. Perhaps it was a good thing. Hogs are tough and fast. Wherever they are hunted there are stories of men crippled, killed and even eaten, and St. Vincent just doesn't have enough tall trees with low branches.

The Spanish conquistadores brought the hogs to Florida 400 years ago. There were no other large mammals until 1908 when Dr. Ray V. Pierce of Buffalo, N.Y., who had bought the island a year earlier, imported three does and a buck sambar deer from the Bronx Zoo. The sambar is native to Asia, where it lives in aquatic, marsh-type habitat similar to that found on St. Vincent. Today there are more than 150 sambar on the island, and they grow to 700 pounds. Dr. Pierce had made a fortune in patent medicines—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative

continued

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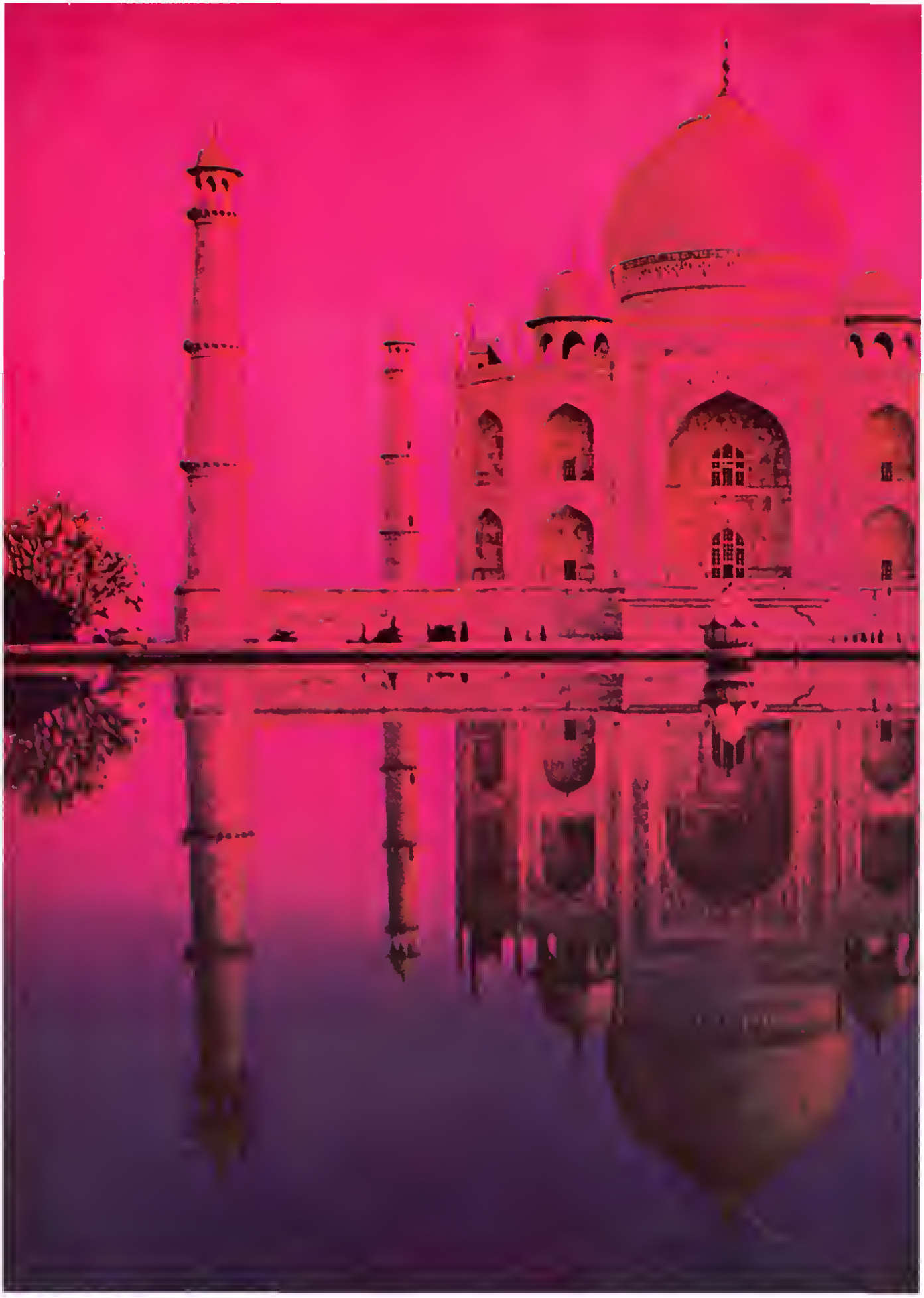
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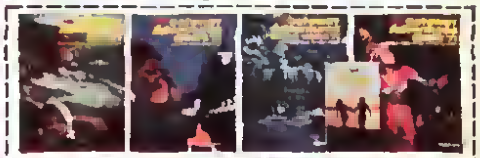


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Sure, our young man was out to lick the world when he was hired, but that was before he knew he had to lick the organization first.

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Pellets—and he built an extensive compound of five buildings at the island's southeast corner. In 1948 the Pierce estate sold St. Vincent for $140,000 to Henry and Alfred L. Loomis of Middleburg, Va. The Loomises built a dam to stabilize water levels in the ponds. In 1967 the Loomises sold the island to The Nature Conservancy for $2,200,000, and it is now a national wildlife refuge under control of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife.

A coterie of St. Vincent lovers has become alarmed by rumors that restrooms, an information office and a small-boat landing will be built. "Start making things comfortable and St. Vincent Island is through," Charlie Turner says. "The average guy wants to drive down the block, get out of his car, no insects, no snakes and catch a 10-pound bass. But St. Vincent is for the serious angler, the one who won't go off with four iceboxes full of fish. These ponds are small, and a couple of hundred fishermen could destroy an entire spawning class."

"St. Vincent Island is the best example we know of people management," a biologist says. "It's the only reason game is so plentiful and fishing is so good. You get gangs of cub scouts over here and the game will run scared, it won't feed, maybe it will even swim off the island. If a pack of hounds ran through your little house four times a day, how long would you stay?"

The ecology of St. Vincent Island is indeed a frail thing, but then, geologically speaking, so is the island itself. Twelve thousand years ago it was not an island at all, just a high part of the mainland, but when glaciers melted to the north, sea levels rose and much of northern Florida was drowned miles offshore. Oysters grew on what had been high land, forming bars that gradually rose from the sea once more. For a few thousand years the island provided sustenance for many living things, and finally pleasure for man. But the eternal beat goes on. The Apalachicola River pours its sediments into the bays landward of St. Vincent, and each year the water becomes a few centimeters shallower. Finally, once more, there will be no island at all.

But now, when you are there, you cannot conceive of anything ever ending. The wild turkeys introduced by Charlie Turner in 1965 are thriving, and the native whitetail deer are so plentiful that a public hunt was declared in 1970. Great flocks of widgeon rise ahead of the jeep when you drive along the 14 miles of barrier beach. Charlie Turner says that last summer he saw tarpon breaking for more than five miles along the surf. And one day you watch three does running gracefully and unafraid at the water's edge.

These are some of the things you remember about a brief stay on St. Vincent Island, but one morning is particularly unforgettable. The other fishermen go off to a favorite pond. You explore another, fishing alone from a tiny kayak. The best bass fishing on St. Vincent is usually at the mouths of channels connecting the ponds, and on this morning you stop in such an area. Fishing is anticipation, and on St. Vincent the feeling is especially acute. You try to relax. Concentrate, you keep thinking. First cast now. Reel slowly. Make that rubber worm crawl along the bottom. What's that. . . ? Tap tap tap . . . let him run . . . now strike. . . . A great weight begins moving off, slowly towing your boat toward the reeds. Wait. Now he's coming up. At the top of the leap the head-hooked worm falls from his mouth. He only had the tail.

Now how big was that bass, you think. Forget it. Go catch another one. But your hands are still shaking so badly that you can't reel in the worm for another cast. Finally you calm down and land two five-pounders. In just over an hour you lose six others, and five of them are far larger than any you have caught in 20 years of fishing up north. How big were they, you wonder weeks later, still scratching a variety of insect bites. Ten pounds? Fifteen pounds? They were big. That's enough. Just think how lucky you are. "Sure there are world-record bass on St. Vincent," they told you before the trip, "but if you go there you'll never get back alive." **END**





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Razzberry of the Week:
First it was **Pete Rozelle** banning air horns at NFL games (SI, Dec. 21, 1970), and now it is **L. Stanley Berenson**, Florida jai-alai mogul, barring Brooklyn's **Robert Pearce** from his Miami fronton for booing players and officials. Pearce is sort of an air horn with legs, it seems, and Berenson says, "I'm just afraid he'll start a riot. That voice starts booing, and soon everyone's booing." Pearce appealed his purge to Florida's Pari-Mutuel Wagering Division, and after 30 minutes of "riotous testimony" state officials unanimously upheld his right of dissent.

L. Stanley Berenson is pretty mad about the ruling. Hey, L. Stanley, why not charge Pearce with crossing state lines with intent to incite a riot? That would make him the Miami One, and think of the publicity!

◆ A tough week for granting the Total Humiliation Award, but after careful consideration it goes not to **Spiro T. Agnew** (*page 12*), but to a fellow Baltimorean, **Shorty Musgrove**. Mr. Musgrove, a regular at an establishment known as Jerry's Stag Bar, tried a deft bank shot with the six-ball and scratched (a small humiliation in itself). But when he reached into the corner pocket for the cue ball his arm got stuck. It took the police, the fire department and the eventual dismantling of the pool table to get him out. To deny Shorty the THA would be the ultimate humiliation.

And for Baseball Scout of the Week we nominate **Dode Hall**, sports reporter for the Indiana State Reformatory newspaper. In a recent column Dode addressed the following appeal to all the state's judges, prosecutors and policemen: "The Indiana Reformatory varsity baseball and softball teams are in dire need of league players, especially pitchers. Would you please oblige us?"

Things are better at the Utah state pen. The Colorado State basketball team drove past it on the way to Brigham Young and Center **Doug Tate** observed, "If you think our league is tough, you oughta play there sometime. When I was in high school we played them and they had a 24-0 record. Of course, they don't have to go on the road."

Have some physical fitness tips from Composer **Rudolf Friml** (*Donkey Serenade*, *Rose Marie*, *The Vagabond King* and like that). Friml is very big on vibrator belts, bicycle riding, brisk walks, push-ups, swinging chairs up and down, standing on his head and having his 110-pound wife walk around on his back. "I think people with children should have *them* walk up and down their backs," he says. "I knock off at 5 p.m. every day and sleep for three hours. Then I get up, I have a glass of Scotch or champagne and enjoy myself in my own home with my music and my friends." Mr. Friml is 91, obviously going on 125.

The temperature was 102° when **Count Basie** arrived in Perth, Australia, and the bandleader was sipping lemonade during an airport press conference when a reporter leaned over and whispered, "There is something stronger upstairs."

"Oh?" said the Count. "Cassius Clay?"

So what's in a name? Something, the sponsors of the winter festival in Utica, N.Y. figured when they chose **Margaret Snow**, **Wescott Storm**, **Huntington Frost** and **Milton Winter** for the festival's advisory committee. And nothing, we trust, in the case of the Hawkins family of Las Vegas. **Budweiser Hawkins Jr.** is a heady substitute on the freshman basketball team at Pepperdine College in California, whose scouts may or may not ever yearn for his younger brother, **Falstaff**. And then there is his sister—no, no, not Schlitz—**Virginia Dare**.

You got a funny name you can expect trouble, but if you're just **Dale Haarman** what can happen, except people will leave out one of the a's? Here's what can happen. Your basketball coach, Jerry Radtke, submits his St. Bernard High School team roster to the Cincinnati papers in his own handwriting, and Dale somehow becomes "Okle." Nobody ever corrects the error. Haarman turns out to be one of the top scorers in the school's history. He is in the newspapers a lot, as Okle, and Okle he surely is going to remain until his dying day. A course in the Palmer Method to you, Coach Radtke.





◉ And here we have—um—well, what we have is the bull jumping over the matador, which, since it never happens, there is no fancy word for. The crowd in Spain's Aranjuez bullring leaped to its feet, and Matador **Miguel Pérez** hit the dirt. Then the bull came down and Perez got up and fought so brilliantly that the disbelieving crowd awarded him both ears and the tail. But not the wings.

Kurt Vonnegut was in Washington recently and at a press conference a reporter asked the author whether he had any bizarre talents (what kind of question is that, anyway?). Vonnegut replied: "Every writer thinks he's a great Ping-Pong player." Sounds like a new league forming. Let's open the season with Vonnegut and Norman Mailer against Edward Albee and Marianne Moore? Jimmy the Greek, are you ready? What? No action? So it goes.



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A coach's garden of curses

Kean's Little Garden, they call the place, and if the name summons up visions of the friendly neighborhood beer hall or a spot where old ladies go to sniff camellias, that is all right with the Big Blue Hardwood Tigers of Tennessee State University. A garden is a nice place in which to sandbag a visiting basketball team, especially if it happens to be Kentucky State. Oh, happy day! Everybody, absolutely everybody, tries to squeeze into the entirely too small gym that was named after former Football Coach and Athletic Director Henry Kean, who came to Tennessee State from, ironically, Kentucky State in 1944. They sit and stand and jump hipbone to hipbone and sing and cheer and stomp and dance and clap and bang on bongo drums until the foundations rock, and then they put on the crusher. That is what happened last Wednesday night to Kentucky State at Kean's Little Garden in Nashville. Lucias Mitchell couldn't believe it. The K State coach was beside himself. He wouldn't believe it.



HOUND PUTS A MOVE ON THE MACHINE

To begin with, there is always a rivalry between Tennessee State and Kentucky State. They like each other about as much as Notre Dame and Michigan State do. In 1948 their football teams began playing for a Little Brown Jug. The 'Breds, as the Kentuckians call themselves, took the trophy home that first year, lost it the next and have never had it back. The schools decided to give the whole thing up this year after the 'Breds absorbed a 61–7 rout.

It is on the basketball court that the schools are more evenly matched. Going into last week's game, K State was 17-1, it ranked first in the UPI's national small-college poll and it had two fine pro prospects, 7-foot Elmore Smith and Travis (The Machine) Grant. The Tigers were 16-2. They were ranked fourth and they had a hero of their own, Ted (The Hound) McClain, who could complete a pass through a maze. Eyes closed, of course. In January, Tennessee State had lost by three points at Kentucky State's gym, which is no Sea of Tranquillity, either. In the rematch, with the pro scouts somehow wedged into all that humanity and the din so heavy that it even drowned out rehearsals for the *Grand Ole Opry* blocks away, TSU won in the last minute 95–94. It was the grandest moment on campus since the custodian, tired of ducking, declared a 25¢ bounty on pigeons. Lucias Mitchell saw it another way. Personally, he said, he did not consider the game a loss.

Now there is a very strange thing about this rivalry. Neither team is ever beaten. It always has the game stolen away by unscrupulous referees. Last year, for instance, the Thorobreds scored a tremendous victory at Kean's Little Garden by losing by only three points. It was one of their three losses of the season as they made their way up to the NAIA national championships, which they won. Lucias Mitchell charges that one of the referees in that game was Hound McClain's high school coach, "and you can imagine what *he* did to us." The game was taped for showing on Frankfort television the next night, but somebody (obviously from TSU, they claim in Kentucky) snatched the tape and ripped it up, destroying the evidence of chicanery forever. Kentucky State won the rematch at home by 21 points. Tennessee State Coach Ed Martin says a fan came out on the court in the middle of that game and took a swing at McClain. Martin would prefer three hours in a dentist's chair to visiting the Thorobreds in Frankfort.

"It's unbelievable," he says. "The fans are so close that their knees are in your back, and there are people tapping you on the shoulder. . . . Our fans are more sophisticated than that. They aren't as hostile."

Martin neglected to mention that in Nashville the player benches happen to be the first row of the stands and knees are in everybody's back, or that those five bongo drums never stop (eventually the ears don't ache anymore; one's teeth grind in numbed unison), or that the scoreboard clocks at either end of the gym are not synchronized.

Both Martin and Mitchell are experts at going into the ghettos or the boondocks and finding themselves tall, tough and hungry black kids—Willises, Elvins, Artises and Sidneys—who can leap so high that sometimes their best view of the action is down through the hoop. Mitchell has been the more thorough searcher of late, which accounts for the presence of Elmore Smith on his team. In the reheated NBA-ABA war, says Mitchell, Smith is worth $2 million.

Mitchell admits to being a wheeler-dealer in recruiting. He once went on a talent-hunting foray to Picayune, Miss. and found his prospect on the doorstep all packed and ready to leave for Jackson State. The coach used his best Baptist manner on the boy's father, a minister, and a few hours later was on his way back to Kentucky with kid and baggage in tow. He had never met the family before that day.

When Artis Gilmore, Jacksonville's 7′ 2″ All-America, became too old to play his last year of high school ball in Florida it was Mitchell who moved him in with a family in Dothan, Ala., where the eligibility rules were less strict. The idea was that after Gilmore's senior year Mitchell would get him, but there was a double cross somewhere and Gilmore ended up at a junior college and then Jacksonville.

That was no lasting tragedy, because

Mitchell got Smith, out of Macon, Ga., where he had played only one high school season and never started a game. Smith was so green that Mitchell had to redshirt him his freshman year (freshmen can play varsity ball at KSU), which is why, as a junior, Smith is fair game for the pro drafts this year.

The young man grew to be 7 feet, improved his shooting and agility and quickly started attracting attention from the pros. "He's come far, but he's got a way to go," says Mitchell. "He won't reach his potential for five years."

After Elmore became known there seemed to be a lot of other tall people around named Smith. Lon Smith, for example. He is Elmore's younger brother, 6′ 7″, 230 pounds and still growing. Lon plays low post for Dudley High School in Greensboro, N.C., where he lives with a North Carolina A&T assistant coach who is his legal guardian. Among the colleges trying to steal him from under his guardian's nose are NYU, New Mexico State and, naturally, Kentucky State.

"I saw him last year," said Mitchell. "A lot of heart. He's going to be a real fine college ballplayer."

Another brother, Ken, is a 6′ 6″ high school junior in Orlando, Fla. He has not bothered to take up basketball yet. Older brother Elbert, 6′ 11″ and close to 300 pounds, is in the Army, stationed in Germany. He played high school football in Georgia and, although he did not go to college, has been approached to play pro football.

Good as Lon might be or Elbert might have been, Elmore is the Smith of the moment. The thankless job of trying to stop him and score past his upstretched hands in the two Tennessee State games fell to 6′ 7″ Lloyd Neal of Talbotton, Ga., whose offensive plan, at least, was beautifully simple.

"There's only one way I can handle that guy inside," he said. "That's to take him directly underneath the basket. When I go up and he goes up he'll hit his head on the rim and I'll score."

For the teams' first meeting this season Kentucky State's small campus gym was packed with 3,500 people, several hundred of whom got there by shoving through a side door and past four guards. The soul songs, with such lyrics as, "We're gonna sho'nuff remember this game" and "I love those Thorobreds, deep down in my heart," kept the place swaying every bit as much as the Garden does down in Tennessee. Even KSU's president, Dr. Carl M. Hill, could not shoehorn himself into the place, and he missed all but the last three minutes of the game.

Smith never did hit his head on the hoop, and he did not do such a good job of putting the ball through it, either, but Tennessee State's McClain took up all the entertainment slack for the scouts in attendance. The Hound (he doesn't know the origin of the nickname) made 13 of 13 free throws, scored 37 points and showed off some moves that would have baffled a yogi. He led the fast breaks that gave Tennessee State a 47–40 lead at halftime.

Midway through the second half the Thorobreds caught up and went ahead, but both teams had key men in foul trouble, and the game was close to the end. Kentucky State won 91–88. Elmore, despite having 22 points, 19 rebounds and eight blocked shots, did not look like the new Lew Alcindor. He did not even look like the old Elmore Smith, according to his coach.

"Smith didn't shoot well at all tonight," said Mitchell. "We had a poor offensive game. The defense won it for us again."

No, the referees won *it* for them, yelled Martin, maintaining tradition. One official in particular had him peeved.

"X-ray him," said Martin. "You'll find the whistle he swallowed in the last five minutes."

Then Martin remembered the rematch coming up in Nashville. He smiled. "We're gonna be waiting in the weeds," he said.

Kean's Little Garden had weeds, all right. It also had a real fake tiger walking around the court carrying his tail, which had broken off. It had the people and the noise, and it was altogether a very unsatisfactory place for a visiting team. The day before the game Mitchell was already complaining about the officials.

In the first half the big star was not Smith but Grant, who, at 6′ 8″, is not exactly small himself. One of the finest shooters in college ball (but not much on rebounding or defense), he scored 26 points. But Hound McClain and Ron Dorsey were scoring 16 apiece for Tennessee State, and at the half the score was 50–50. Nobody doubted that this game would go down to the buzzer.

It did. Tiger Bob Mathis was put on Grant and held him in check (Wally held him, the Thorobreds claimed, in a hammerlock that lasted the whole of the second half), but The Hound was not quite his old tricky self either, so things balanced out. The Tigers were up by six points with little more than four minutes to play, but then Kentucky State put in six straight points to tie the score at 90, even though Elmore had fouled out. The score was tied again at 92, and the noise was making it impossible for anybody to hear the referees' whistles, or even one's own thoughts.

After a frenzied series of fouls, turnovers and missed free throws, Tennessee State was one point behind and had possession with about 15 seconds to go. Neal got the ball in two passes and put it in—95–94. Now it was KSU's turn. With about eight seconds left—who could tell with those crazy clocks running off in opposite directions!—the ball went to Grant in the left corner. He dribbled, collided with Mathis and fell. Somebody must have charged or somebody must have blocked, but no, no whistle. So that was the game, and maybe it was Kentucky State's last good chance to persuade the NIT that it deserved an invitation.

Afterward in the Thorobred locker room it was vintage Mitchell. "Travis was pushed down in the crowd," he said. "They choked, the referees choked! They took three balls away from us on turnovers! It's unthinkable!"

Next year the weeds will be in Frankfort. Bring earplugs.

THE WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

EAST "Notre Dame and Austin Carr," reflected Guard Chris Ford of Villanova. "If you can't get super up for that game then there's something wrong with you." Villanova shot to a 32–16 lead after 12 minutes, and a howling sellout crowd shook the dust in the Palestra. With Ford passing for 11 assists and his small front line managing 42 rebounds, the Wildcats whipped the Irish 99–81 and fully expected to climb the national rankings. Next on the schedule was La Salle without Ken Durrett, who had injured his right knee early in the

continued

week. Super up Durrett was even crying as he watched his teammates leave the dressing room before the slaughter. Super down Bobby Fields took over the offense and scored 16 points in the first half against Villanova's zone. The Wildcats switched to a man-to-man in the second half, and Fields threw in 14 more. When the game ended Durrett celebrated LaSalle's 73–69 upset win by waving crutches over his head.

Fordham's Charlie Yelverton turned a stolen pass into a score with 50 seconds left and hit two foul shots with 24 seconds to play as the Rams beat St. John's 76–72. Harvard and Columbia were tied for second place in the Ivy League, with 5-1 conference records at the start of the week. But on Friday, Crimson Captain Dale Dover scored in the last seconds to send Columbia down 73–71. Harvard then won its seventh game in a row—its longest winning streak in 13 years—by beating Cornell 80–60. "We're getting our confidence now," said Coach Bob Harrison. "We're still definitely in the Ivy race."

Harrison means he is behind Penn. The Quakers continued unbeaten after pleasant evenings with Brown and Yale. And the Dukes of Duquesne rolled on, beating Providence 85–80 and Rhode Island 116–95.

1. PENN (20-0) 2. DUQUESNE (17-2)

SOUTH Phil Carter is Jacksonville's antihero. He is a guard who seldom scores because he seldom plays, and he has a button-wearing Phil Carter Fan Club that gathers in a section of the Jacksonville Coliseum known as Carter's Corner. Last week he managed to please his followers by winning $621 in a radio contest—Carter recognized dialogue from an obscure movie and made his prize-winning call before departing for practice—and then delighted them again by going scoreless as usual in Jacksonville's 111–93 win over Loyola of New Orleans. Artis Gilmore, as expected, was responsible for the Dolphins' 31st straight home victory. He got 24 points, blocked 11 shots, managed 28 rebounds and drew praise from Loyola star Ty (The Guy) Marioneaux. "I've never played against anyone as strong and with such jumping ability in my life," he said. "And I'm not sure I'd want to again, either."

Three days later Warren Mitchell, coach of William & Mary, collapsed his entire defense on Gilmore and held him to just two points. "They didn't show us any class," one of Mitchell's players said afterward. "They tried to make a mockery of the game. They are a bunch of showboats, and I hope they lose every game they play." Jacksonville beat the Indians 100–69.

Coach Joe Stowell of Bradley reacted to the Dolphins with more humor. He sent Frank Sylvester, at 5′ 4″ the smallest major college starter, to jump center against Gilmore at the start of the second half. Bradley lost the tap and the game 89–79.

A few weeks ago Adolph Rupp made it clear that he was not looking forward to playing Florida in Gainesville. "Their gym is hardly worth the gas it would take to burn it down," he said. As it turned out, Rupp did not make the trip to Gatorland. He stayed home with what has become something of a chronic foot ailment, and just as well. His Wildcats were smacked with their second conference loss 74–65.

Georgia Tech lost twice last week, and its pep band was partially responsible for one of the defeats. "It plays that *Dixie*," said Florida State's Vernell Ellzy. "All about the fields of cotton. That means slavery to us, and we don't like hearing that song." The predominantly black Seminoles won 81–76. North Carolina then shattered Tech 87–58. Surprisingly, after the game's first nine minutes, the Tar Heels were seven points down. Dean Smith replaced the entire starting lineup, and the reserves promptly rolled off seven straight points. "We're more balanced," said Forward Bill Chamberlain. "When the going got tough last year we gave the ball to Charlie Scott. All the pressure fell on him." Still feeling no pressure, North Carolina defeated Clemson on Saturday 86–48.

"You can't imagine the agony it's been for me," said Coach Mike Schuler of VMI. The reference was to the Keydets' losing streak. The team had dropped 24 games and was within reach of the all-time record of 37 set by The Citadel in 1954 and 1955. That is not the sort of thing a coach likes to be remembered for. Last Monday, just two days short of the streak's first birthday, VMI beat Richmond 73–63.

1. JACKSONVILLE (18-2) 2. N.C. (16-3)

MIDWEST In recent years the students and citizens in Ann Arbor have believed that winning basketball came to an end at the University of Michigan when Cazzie Russell's eligibility expired. Last fall Coach John Orr insisted that the Wolverines could be successful again—with or without Cazzie—but when Michigan lost its first three games even the team itself wondered. By last week, however, the Big Ten was sorted out and, lo, there was Michigan, undefeated in the league and on top of the conference. Henry Wilmore, a sophomore, is most of the reason. Averaging more than 25, Wilmore dropped in 22 when his team slipped by Northwestern 82–81. In foul trouble against Purdue, however, he scored just 12 as the Wolverines shattered the Boilermakers anyway 81–74.

Marquette was troubled by fouls and gave evidence of strain in beating Detroit 81–67. "We're at a point now when the season is getting long," Coach Al McGuire said. "Maybe I'm pushing everybody too hard."

Inconsistent Notre Dame followed its loss to Villanova with a convincing 107–76 victory over DePaul. A zone kept Austin Carr from attempting a shot during the game's first four minutes. "We finally made him take some 35-footers, so he made the 35-footers," said Ray Meyer, DePaul's coach, reflecting upon Carr's 36-point performance.

Kansas Coach Ted Owens appeared for the Colorado game wearing a button proclaiming WE'RE NO. 1, IT'S A WAY OF LIFE. Then he watched his Jayhawks force 26 turnovers on the way to a comfortable 91–67 win.

1. MARQUETTE (20-0) 2. KANSAS (18-1)

WEST "This is the poorest shooting team I've had in the 23 years that I've been coaching here. It doesn't seem that it should be, not with the big men we have up front. But I've been back through all the records, and this is the poorest." So said John Wooden after the two difficult evenings his top-ranked UCLA Bruins had just spent in Oregon. On Friday in Eugene, Sidney Wicks nearly cost the team its first conference defeat of the year when he drew a technical with UCLA down 65–63 to Oregon and less than three minutes to play. "I just blew my cool," Wicks said. Guard Henry Bibby did not. He stole a pass and scored the winning basket as the Bruins escaped 69–68.

"I thought the Oregon game would be a tremendous struggle," Wooden said, "and I thought that we'd beat Oregon State handily." He was wrong. UCLA fell behind State in the first three minutes and trailed until Curtis Rowe's free throws, with 28 seconds remaining, tied the score 65–65. State's inbound pass slipped off Freddie Boyd's fingers and out of bounds and, with four seconds left, Wicks scored from 20 feet out.

Meanwhile Southern Cal confused the pollsters by making the same northern swing look easy. Center Ron Riley and Guard Paul Westphal each scored 23 points to lead the Trojans past Oregon State 82–63. Riley and Westphal managed 43 more points the following night as USC hammered Oregon 93–78.

Because a few seniors had walked off and some sophomore prospects had not panned out, Coach Ned Wulk at Arizona State found himself in charge of an eight-man team. So he tried recruiting from ASU's 22,000 students. "It didn't work," Wulk said. "You think athletes have loused-up marks, but nobody who was tall or understood basketball had a good enough grade average." Wulk's minisquad forged ahead anyway, and was tied with Brigham Young and UTEP for the WAC title after wins over Colorado State 103–85 and Wyoming 81–76.

1. UCLA (18-1) 2. USC (18-1)


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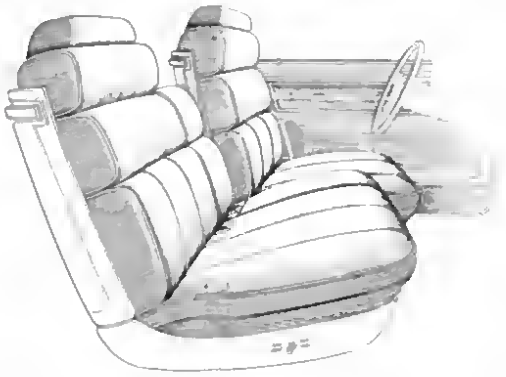

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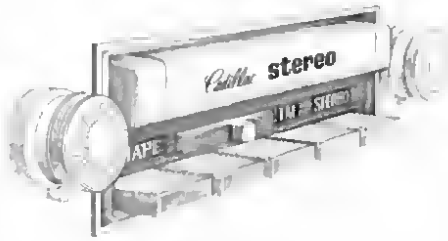
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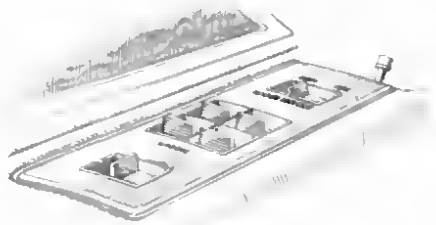
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Only five women in history have jumped higher than Canada's Debbie Brill, who gives it a twist

She gets her back up

"I love climbing trees and sitting in the tops of them," says Debbie Brill, the world's best 17-year-old high jumper of her sex. "You can see everything from there, and you aren't where everybody else is."

The sight of a tall, slender girl with long brown hair and the delicate face of a Dresden figurine sitting in the top of a tree would probably unnerve passers-by, but chances are that no stranger will ever wander far enough afield to come upon Debbie. Her trees grow at the end of the dirt road that leads to her family's home near Hancy, a small town some 40 miles east of Vancouver. What Debbie can see from her lofty seat does indeed mean everything to her: the frame house she shares with her parents, three brothers and a sister; the barn they built for Silver, their pony. Kanaka Creek, where they swim and take boat rides to look for beaver; and the cedars and hemlocks that shelter *her* animals—deer and foxes, pheasant and grouse. "It's like living in the Wild West," she says. "I like things as they were in the old days. They seem more beautiful that way."

Until a few years ago this world was the only one she knew, and even now she loves it more than any of the places she has visited, for Debbie has become a traveled young lady who has jumped higher than all but five women; only she goes over the bar backward in the Brill Bend, as her coach, Lionel Pugh, so aptly named it. The Brill Bend is not to be confused with the Fosbury Flop. "I was quite shocked when I saw Fosbury jump the first time," she says. "I thought I was the only one doing it."

By bending gracefully backward for the past four years Debbie has gone up in the world as well as halfway around it. Only Rumania's Iolanda Balas, who set the outdoor world record of 6′ 3¼″ a decade ago and is now retired; Austria's Ilona Gusenbauer, who holds the indoor world record of 6′ 2″; East Germany's Rita Schmidt (6′ 1¾″); Russia's Antonina Lazaryeva (6′ 1¾″); and Yugoslavia's Snezana Hrepevnik (6′ 1¼″) have gone higher. Last month, in Albuquerque, Debbie, who stands 5′ 9″, cleared 6′ ¾″, her best to date.

Debbie first jumped six feet, a height no woman from the North American continent had ever cleared before, at the Maple Leaf Games in Toronto in February 1970. A few months later she jumped six feet at the Modesto Relays and then again at a meet in Ottawa. She was selected to compete in the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh last July and won the gold medal, which was presented to her by Queen Elizabeth, with a jump of 5′ 10″. Since the women's high jump was held on the last day of the games, Debbie spent the preceding days waiting impatiently and worrying that she might let her country down. "But when I finally walked out onto the field," she recalls, "I suddenly felt very calm."

"It is this ability to relax before a competition that gives her the strength for total concentration," says Pugh.

"I sort of go into a trance just looking at the bar," says Debbie.

Debbie, her 16-year-old sister Connie—who is also a bend jumper—and their brothers Karl, 19, Neil, 15, and Stan, 14, were brought up by their parents to be self-reliant and strong. "Whatever you do, do your best," they were told by their father, Gene Brill, who works for a company that makes prefab houses. "We brought them up to do things with their own hands," says his wife Ruth. In 1966, when Gene Brill bought two acres near Kanaka Creek, the house that stood on the property was unfinished. The whole family helped complete it. Then Brill designed his own furniture, and again his children filled in as carpenters. "Every one of them can build a house," says Brill. "Even the girls. I've always told them they can do anything men can do. I guess I was well ahead of Women's Lib." Debbie was an impatient child. "She could walk when she was 8 months old, and she cried angrily whenever she fell," says her father. "At the age of 5 she could carry a bucket loaded with 35 pounds of sawdust, which we used for heating. When she was 9 she could grab me around the knees and lift me off the ground. At the time I weighed 185 pounds."

Before the Brills moved to Haney they lived on a 10-acre farm in Aldergrove, another small community near Vancouver. The children rode all the animals, even the pigs, and when Debbie and Connie disappeared you could usually find them fast asleep in the calf pen. "Dad brought us up to love animals," says Debbie. "In those days when you asked my little brother Stan what he wanted to be when he grew up he would say, 'A cow.'"

"When Debbie traveled in Europe she liked Norway most," says Mrs. Brill. "It was so much like the country around Vancouver. The fjords reminded her of the arms of the Fraser River, with the boom logs floating on them. There were lakes like the ones around here, and the houses were built with wood shingles."

However, Debbie was far more impressed by Norway than the Norwegians were by Debbie. She competed in Oslo in 1968 before the Olympic Games, and nobody there had yet seen Dick Fosbury on TV winning a gold medal jumping backward. When Debbie started to do her bend 8,000 spectators roared with

laughter. Debbie was so shaken she only cleared 4′ 11″, five inches under her personal best at the time. "That proved to the Norwegians that the backward jump didn't work," says Pugh.

Debbie and Connie started jumping in the first grade. They were scissors jumpers and just couldn't learn the more efficient straddle. In fact their coach in those days, Pete Swensson, used to tell them that they would never become any good. Connie could probably be as good a jumper as Debbie—she adopted the bend and she is also coached by Pugh—but she lacks Debbie's aggressiveness.

"We were very different when we were young," says Debbie. "Connie liked dolls and I liked trucks. I liked to climb trees and to beat up boys." Now that Debbie is a celebrity, Connie has contentedly taken second place, so much so that she doesn't want to defeat her sister. Last year at a high school meet Debbie took the opening height of 5′ 2½″ too lightly and failed three times. Connie went on to win. Both sisters cried—Debbie because she was angry at herself, Connie because she wanted Debbie to win. "I can't see how I could ever be jealous of Debbie's success," says Connie.

Debbie's success started one day in 1967 when she was invited to compete in Kelowna, B.C., where she had her first opportunity to jump into a foam-rubber pit, a necessity for backward landing. "That day I improved from 4′ 8″ to 4′ 11″," she recalls. "I thought I was doing the scissors, but in fact I was kind of going sideways, laying out over the bar. Everybody said, 'Do you know you are going over backwards?' At first I didn't like to be different, but then it became kind of fun."

Later that year Pugh, who also coaches the Canadian national team, saw her jump for the first time. "I was fascinated," he recalls, "but I kept thinking: Why doesn't she run up to the bar in an arc as Fosbury does? She had an almost straight approach. I thought about it for four nights. Then it became clear to me: she was right and I was wrong. Her approach was far more efficient than Fosbury's."

Fortunately, Debbie's father and Pugh have the same philosophy. "I believe a coach's role, like a parent's, should be to kick the fledgling out of the nest as soon as possible," Pugh says. "A coach should never be a crutch. I don't believe in Svengali coaches. Debbie comes to Vancouver once a week and I coach her for 2½ hours. Then I give her a program for the rest of the week. She has to be able to stand on her own two feet. Her jump was already perfect when she came to me. All I could do was give her a more stable approach and give her a taste of what hard work is really like. I am an egotist, and I would like to feel that I have produced her, but that is not so. An experienced athlete contributes as much as the coach does, and Debbie has already contributed more than I."

Pugh has converted other hapless jumpers to the bend. Debbie's teammate Brenda Steffanson improved from 5′ 4″ to 5′ 8″ after she abandoned the straddle, and John Hawkins won a silver medal at last year's Commonwealth Games with a bend jump of 6′ 11½″, a Canadian record and nine inches over his best straddle jump.

As for Debbie, her goals are as high as the cedars in Haney. "I think I can do 6′ 6″ one day," she says. "If a man can jump way over his own height, so should a woman. I don't think I can do it right now, because I don't have the strength; I mean, the kind of strength you get when you get older. I even think about seven feet, but it's kind of a dream."

Two weeks ago Debbie was again in Toronto for the Maple Leaf Games. She had a late lunch with John Dobroth, a straddle jumper from Los Angeles. Debbie ordered a huge bowl of sliced bananas with cream. Dobroth winced. "Those bananas will make your stomach feel nice and heavy," he said. "I would just faint without them," said Debbie. "I'd be standing there, ready to jump, thinking, 'Oh, I'm so hungry.'"

Debbie was the only girl to clear 5′ 10″ that night. It looked easy: nine light-footed steps toward the bar; a twist; the bend with her hips over the bar, her head and legs low on either side of it; then a jackknife, bringing her head up, her back down and her legs over.

"If she bends, so shall she unbend," said Pugh. "It's the Newton doctrine, a very efficient jump."

Debbie had the bar raised to 6′ 1″, which would have meant a new personal best and a new Canadian record, but she brushed it off three times. "It would have been no good going to only six feet," she said, visibly annoyed. "I have made *that* often enough." END

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BOXING / *Pat Putnam*

All the Scotsman managed to lose was $2

Kenny Buchanan hed to bettle through a hundred preflght hassles before he got to defend his title in the ring, end he won them all. It wes excellent preperetion for whet heppened after the opening bell

A carpenter of long standing, as well as a Scotsman, Lightweight Champion Kenny Buchanan is ever alert to one of boxing's favorite ploys—the chisel. So last week in Los Angeles when challenger Mando Ramos doubled over in pain from a groin injury suffered in training, the Scot sniffed and said, "Tae hell with that, laddie. I donae care if you eoom intae the ring on one leg Friday night. But if you donae eoom, forget it." The Mexican asked for a week's grace. The Scot said, and rightly so, "No' even one wee day. They'd have tae cut off me leg before I'd pull out of a fight, and maybe even then I'd still try. I give him an extra week and I'll be way past me peak, and he knows it."

As for the city of Los Angeles, Buchanan had had it. He had not been all that excited about defending his title there in the first place. Then there was the earthquake. In Scotland, God lets the Scots move whatever earth needs moving. And there was the hotel, just off skid row, where he spent two days before demanding to be moved to another in a less noisy area. And the three teeth that required emergency filling, a cold that wouldn't quit and a sore knee injured in training, plus a hundred arguments with Promoter Aileen Eaton, the California Boxing Commission and an army of Ramos' handlers, all of which the Scot won by simply threatening to go home.

The biggest argument was over officials. Buchanan demanded and got a British judge and a neutral referee, one, he said, who could come from anywhere but California. Mrs. Eaton agreed with reluctance. "But," she said, "we aren't setting any precedent. It's going to cost me $574 to fly a judge here from England. I just hope they pick a referee from Nevada and not from Thailand." As it turned out, the California Boxing Commission picked Arthur Mercante from New York, which cost her $300. ("Mercante," said a Scot with Buchanan, "is that Mexican?")

And so, when Ramos pulled out, Buchanan began packing. That was on Tuesday, just 76 hours before the fight. Ramos has a habit of postponing fights. This was his ninth in five years. Once, probably from conditioned reflex, he postponed his wedding.

"Wait," said Mrs. Eaton to Buchanan, reaching for a telephone. "I just happen to have another challenger ready." She called Ruben Navarro, the No. 3 contender, training a few miles away in San Jacinto for a Feb. 25 fight with Jimmy Robertson.

"I donae like it," said Buchanan darkly. But Jack Solomons, the British promoter who had come along as an adviser, talked him into fighting Navarro. "What's the difference?" said Solomons wisely. "If you can't beat the No. 3 challenger, you don't deserve to be champion anyway. But first let me see if the British Boxing Board of Control will recognize it as a title fight."

By telephone, the BBC assured Solomons that it would. "Dom nice of them," Buchanan muttered. He holds no love for the British board. After he won his title from Ismael Laguna in San Juan, the British refused to recognize him as champion. Upon Mrs. Eaton's request (she said Laguna had reneged on a promise to fight for her), the BBC had stripped the Panamanian of his title three days before he lost to Buchanan. However, the BBC ruled, if Buchanan fought Ramos for Mrs. Eaton, then it would be reeognized as a title fight. Very strange, but no matter.

While Solomons was getting assurances from London, Mrs. Eaton was calling Navarro. He said sure, he'd love a title fight, even on such short notice.

"I heard Ramos was getting $20,000," Navarro said.

"You're getting $15,000," Mrs. Eaton said

"O.K.," said Navarro, keeping in mind that in his previous 29 fights he had made a total of $55,000. Like most Mexican fighters, he enjoys life better at night, and $15,000 can uncork a lot of bottles.

"Sure, Ruben is a playboy," said Comanager Marty Denkin. "But he's also deeply religious. He just believes that God didn't intend man to sit home and meditate."

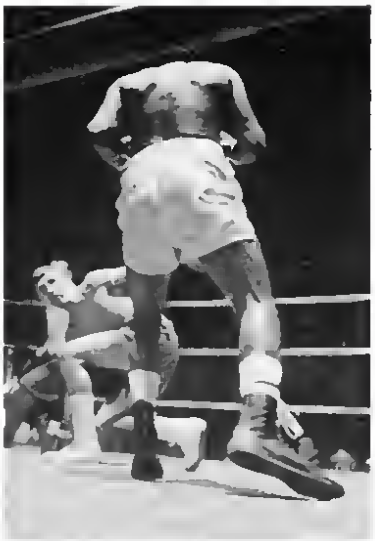
Although suspecting the worst, Buchanan agreed to fight. Payday for him was $60,000. "But I still think they are up tae somethin'," he brooded. "They claim he's only half fit. But a few friends say he's been training hard for a month."

At the weigh-in, the battle over officials erupted once more. Johnny Flores, Navarro's other manager, said it was Ramos, not Navarro, who had agreed to foreign officials. He demanded a new deal for his man. Buchanan's people were summoned.

Eddie Thomas, Buchanan's manager, threw up his hands. He said to Solomons, "Jack, you go talk to them. I can't take any more." Solomons went and listened. Then, raging, he stood up. It was 12:30, just 9½ hours before the fight. He began by pointing a finger at the California commissioners. "You over there," he said. "Who do you want to win? Navarro. And you? Navarro. And you and you, and you, Mrs. Eaton. Who do you want? The whole bleeding lot of you want Navarro to win. I'm sick and tired of coming down here and fighting with all of you every two hours. Let's call the blooming fight off and forget all about it."

That gets them every time.

Ignoring the latest furor, Buchanan







FLOORED in the first round (*top*), Buchanan outboxed the challenger most of the bout, evading his leads a la Ali (*center*) or blocking them as he scored with his own jabs.

spent the uneasy hours just before the fight playing switch, a card game, with his father Tom and two friends. He lost $2. "You all are bandits," he said. "You're cheating."

His dad grinned. "Oh, no, lad. Now let's play just one more hand for your whole purse."

Then they went off to the fight, which started when a Scot unfurled the Scottish flag and a Mexican fan reached for it, and a Scottish fist cracked against a Mexican jaw, sending the flag grabber cartwheeling down a dozen steps where he landed bleeding and unconscious in the arms of a cop, who arrested him. "That man could have been in serious trouble," said Tom Buchanan. "When he grabbed our flag, I mean."

After several such prelims, they brought in the professionals—Navarro in white with a silver rosary around his neck, Buchanan in the brilliant Tartan colors of his clan. Buchanan came out swiftly, triggering crisp punishing jabs. And Navarro swatted him on the left ear with a right hand and knocked him down. Referee Mercante ruled it a slip. Navarro said it was a knockdown. Buchanan said it was half-and-half—"But I wasn't hurt. If I had been, I wouldn't have jumped up so quick."

And then Navarro got serious and went to work. A left to the groin and a right to the kidneys. A right to the groin and a left to the kidneys. Unused to such tactics, Buchanan lost the first four rounds. Mercante kept warning Navarro for fouling and finally penalized him a point in the sixth round. "Aw, I didn't hit him low," Navarro protested later. "If I had, he'd be on his Scotch keister." At that point, a lighted cigarette came flying into the ring, striking Navarro on the stomach. He winced and backed up. "He never could take a cigarette to the body," said a local character named The Steamer.

By this time, Buchanan had decided that the best way to keep from being hit low was to belt Navarro in the mouth, which he now was doing with vast relish. As the Mexican tired, the Scot grew stronger. And better. In the eighth round, as Buchanan assumed complete command, a bottle came flying into the ring, just narrowly missing the head of Harry Gibbs, the British judge. "I looked at it," he said. "It was a soda bottle. If it had been a Scotch whisky bottle, I'd never have forgiven them."

About then, Thomas found a strange blue water bottle in Buchanan's corner. "What the devil!" he roared. "They use every trick in the book."

"What's in the bottle?" asked Solomons, who was sitting nearby.

"Darned if I know."

"Blimey, I never even saw the thing," said Solomons. "I had better keep watch."

Navarro's superb chin was all that saved him from a knockout in the final rounds. The scoring wasn't close: Mercante and the California judge, Lee Grossman, had it 9-4; Gibbs 9-2. Gibbs then quickly abandoned his role as a neutral. "I told the Yanks he was a good one," he said. "It's great being with a victorious side for a change. You have to remember that I was with a losing army, the British 44th. When we went into Belgium to fight the Germans, the people gave us bottles of wine. But when we left running for Dunkirk, they threw them at us, the bloody beggars."

While Gibbs gloated, Navarro visited Buchanan's dressing room. "You are a fine champion and a fine fighter," he said. "There is only one man who can beat you."

"Oh?" said Buchanan, holding his groin.

"Yeah," Navarro said. "And he's standing right in front of you. Me. Only the next time I want more than 76 hours' notice."

Solomons assured Navarro that he had earned a rematch, but in London, he said, where the rules are a little different. And Mrs. Eaton mentioned something about a May bout with Ramos, for $100,000.

"Ramos done deserve a fight," Buchanan said at breakfast the next morning. "Besides, I've got my British title tae worry about. I'm afraid they may take it away now."

So what?

"One more defense and he gets to keep the Lonsdale Belt," said his father. "It's worth about $1,250. And if you win the belt, when you retire you get a pension of a pound a week. Not that a small sum like that is important."

"Oh, no," said Solomons solemnly. "Not to a Scot." **END**

No recession for Mr. Petty

Factory support was down and motel vacancy signs were up, but in an exciting race Plymouth's perennial hero won his third Daytona 500

The rest of the nation may be awakening from its economic ennui, but a drowsy recessional mood still hung over Daytona Beach, Fla. last week. It was amply evident around the Daytona International Speedway, where the heroes and hamburgers of stock-car racing gathered for the 13th annual running of the 500-mile season opener. Motels along "the world's most famous beach" plaintively announced vacancies in pallid neon, while one even urged: "Make Love Not War & Do It Here." Ford's withdrawal from motor racing reduced factory support to a bare minimum—Richard Petty's Plymouth and Buddy Baker's Dodge. The pace car for the race was, of all things, a Porsche 914. "Should of brought along Cousin Lem's go-kart," said one good old boy. "It's a tad quicker."

Nowhere was the tone of parsimony more evident than in the garage area, where mechanics accustomed to Detroit's bounty had to make do with a minimum of spare parts. The two 125-mile qualifying races for Sunday's Daytona 500 became dangerous stumbling blocks for some crews: should an engine blow along the way, there was no backup for the main event. To compound the problem, NASCAR boss Bill France had imposed a restriction on carburetor size in an effort to reduce the speed of the big stockers, which last year were threatening the 200-mile-an-hour mark on the grander speedways. "That's fine with me," said veteran driver James Hylton of Inman, S.C. "Last year I was running so fast here that my eyes were crossed." Still, many crews opposed the imposition of carburetor "governors."

"Everyone agrees that the speeds had to come down," said Cale Yarborough, "but this isn't the way. Here are these master mechanics who have spent a lifetime learning the tricks of the motor trade—how to get the maximum out of a mess of steel—and then Bill France slaps a 75¢ piece of metal on them. He should have just reduced the engine size from 427 to, say, 300 cubic inches and then let the wrenches do what they could with it."

The carburetor plates reduced speeds by nearly 15 miles an hour—A. J. Foyt won the pole at 182.744 mph in a 1971 Mercury whereas Cale set the qualifying record of 194.015 last year in a '69—but they also had the effect of placing more emphasis on artful driving.

"The name of the game is drafting," said Pete Hamilton, the blond boy wonder who leadfooted his way to victory in last year's race—and two other superspeedway championships—in a Petty-prepared Plymouth. This year Pete is campaigning in a Plymouth of his own, and drafting just fine, thank you. In the first of the 125-milers Hamilton took the measure of both his former employer and of A.J. That race more closely resembled a World War I dogfight than a stock-car blowout. Foyt, whose Mere was easily three miles an hour faster than anything else on the track, took an early lead and would have run off with the marbles had it not been for the innate loyalty of NASCAR drivers. A.J., after all, is a USAC interloper and NASCAR drivers resent his often-victorious presence. Tiny Lund, the 240-pound tight end of the stockers, managed to block Foyt in traffic just enough for Petty and Hamilton to close on him toward the end of the qualifying race. Snuggled up to within half a car length of A.J. on the final turn, Hamilton was in good position to slingshot past the old master into the final straight. Ahead of the two cars a slower machine spun out, and when the yellow caution light came on for just a moment A.J. backed off the gas. Hamilton didn't, and he snapped past Foyt to win by 18 inches.

"That kid can draft," said A.J. later. "He's not as smooth as Petty; when Richard sneaks in behind you, you can hardly feel it. Hamilton's still a bit bumpy, but he has nerve." High praise from the king of the road.

The second qualifying duel was won in a similarly artful manner by David Pearson. He used slower traffic to break the draft of Buddy Baker, who had been dogging him burr-close through most of the race. Pearson was driving a two-year-old Mercury. Drivers feel that the 1971-model cars are too blocky; rather than slipping through the air they have to punch their way along.

"The older cars are aerodynamically cleaner," said Vic Elford, the English sports-car driver who was having a go at the stocks in a 1971 Ford. "I had the distinct feeling that I was pushing a ton of wind ahead of me."

Clean noses, dirty noses, carburetor plates—whatever it was, it produced the tightest, toughest Daytona 500 in years. Through the first 110 laps—fully 275 miles—the lead changed hands 37 times among 11 drivers. Up to that point, moreover, only one of the leaders was eliminated: Lee Roy Yarbrough popped an oil line in the high east bank and caught fire. ("The durn firemen were so excited they forgot to put it out," Lee Roy complained later.) Ultimately the pressure had to tell. Pete Hamilton and Richard Brooks (the latter in the race's only un-governed car, a 305-cu.-in., winged Dodge) tangled in Turn Two, controlled their cars masterfully and avoided a major debacle but lost valuable laps and dropped from contention. A few cars were done in by the man from Glad—discarded sandwich wrappings, a new danger in racing, caught in their radiators and caused overheating.

Veritable choochoo trains of as many as nine drafting cars were the rule for two-thirds of the race, but in the final stages it developed into a three-way chase among Richard Petty, Foyt and Buddy Baker. Then in one of those vital miscalculations A.J. ran out of gas and coasted in, losing a lap in the process. That left Petty free to breeze home ahead of Chrysler teammate Baker for his third Daytona victory and $48,000 of the record $203,050 purse. Seven yellow-flag caution periods (41 laps) reduced average speeds but did nothing to diminish the excitement. "Certainly we've never had as competitive a race before," said Bill France. You durn tootin, Bill, and it's not a bad way to fight the recession, either. **END**

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TENNIS / *Walter Bingham*

The little red machine misses a beat

Until John Newcombe beat him last weekend in Philadelphia, people were wondering if Rod Laver would ever lose again. Laver had won nine straight "Pro Tennis Classic" matches at $10,000 a crack against such players as Newcombe, Tony Roche and Arthur Ashe, who are not exactly rinky-dinks, and last weekend in the Philadelphia International he mowed down four more little Indians until Newcombe stopped him in the finals. His 1971 earnings have already reached $95,000, and it seems likely that before the year is over he may top $300,000.

No one can offer a definite reason why Laver is playing so well. He himself explains that he stayed away from the game only two weeks around Christmas, so he remained sharp. The year before he rested a month, too long, he thinks now, and perhaps this was the reason for what he considers an off year. Only Laver would consider $200,000 in earnings an off year. But he was knocked out of both Wimbledon and Forest Hills in the round of 16, which embarrassed him, and friends say he is determined to prove that at 32 he has lost nothing. Dennis Ralston, the man who beat him at Forest Hills, thinks Laver is even tougher indoors because his wristy shots are so difficult to follow in artificial light, but Ashe says the better the conditions the tougher Laver is and that your best chance to beat him is in a hurricane. The one thing all the pros agree on is that Laver is the king, and when he gets into a hot streak, duck.

The Philadelphia International was the first stop on the World Championship Tennis tour, a 20-event schedule that will run until November and will hopscotch around the globe—Australia, Rome, Iran and Louisville. Each tournament will have 32 entries, including most of the top players, all of them under contract to Lamar Hunt. Prize money for each tournament will be $45,000, which may not seem like an impressive figure until you realize that it averages out to $1,400 a man. A $100,000 golf tournament is worth roughly $700 a man to its field of 144 players. In addition, there will be a 21st tournament worth $100,000 at the end of the year, this one for the eight best players on the regular tour. Taking part in so many tournaments, as well as Wimbledon, Forest Hills and others, will be exhausting but the money is just too good to pass up.

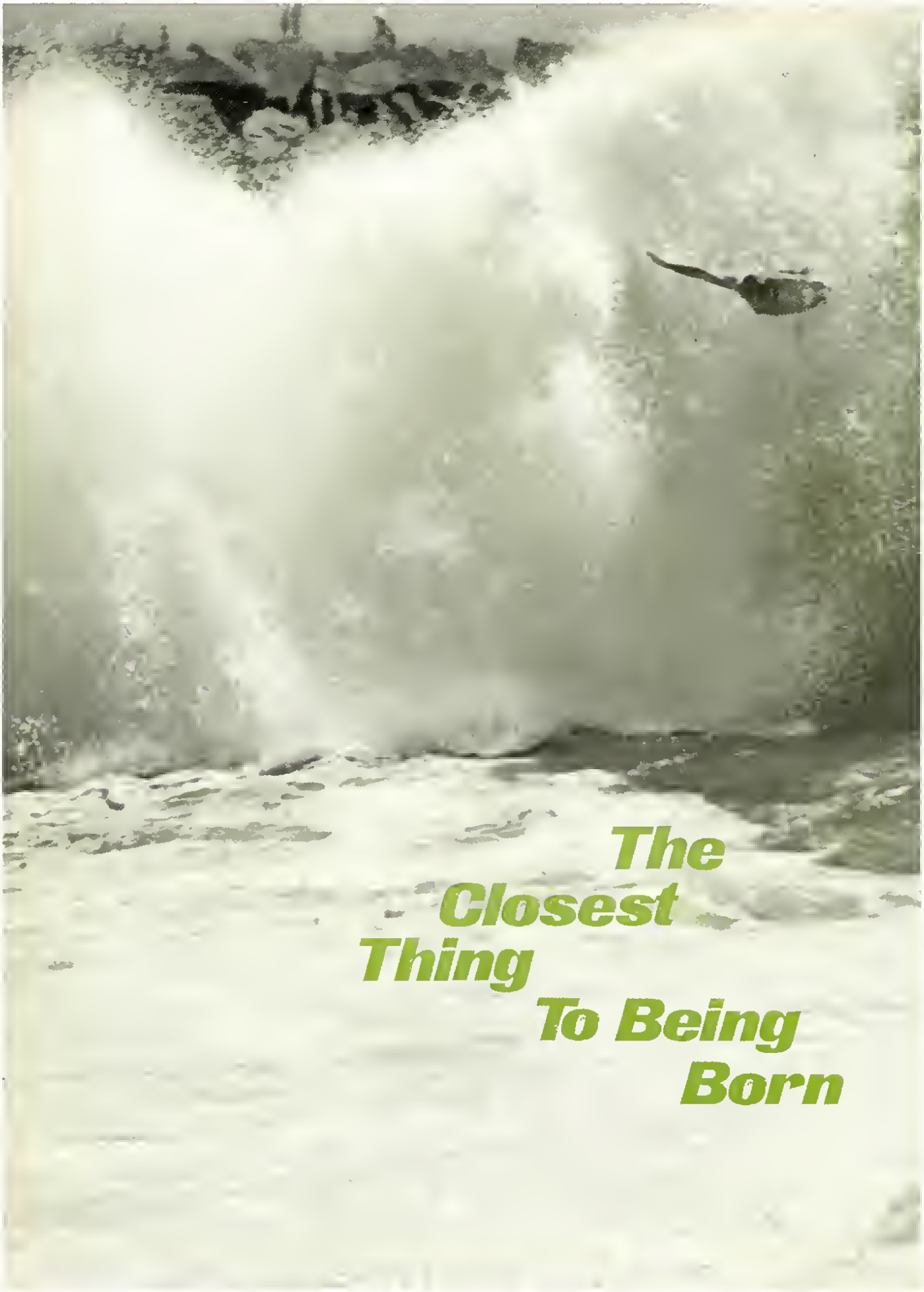
The important thing about the 1971 tour is that it marks the start of a new era, for it is the first time that professional tennis will have a regular series of tournaments—real tournaments such as the golf tour has—not man-to-man battles, Pancho vs. the amateur champ, or little eight-man events that begin with instant quarterfinals and have the feel of exhibitions. A 32-player field is large enough to capture the atmosphere of a major championship, as it certainly did in Philadelphia, and the importance was emphasized by the presence of tennis writers from England, France and Italy and by the appearance of Hunt himself, who flew up from Dallas even though his face was covered with poison ivy he had picked up while working in his yard.

The tournament had some very exciting moments. It was played at the Spectrum on a surface called Sportface, which is reasonably like grass unless you fall on it, as Nikki Pilic did, forcing him to default to Ashe with a badly burned hand. The event drew crowds that for basketball or hockey would have been a disaster but which for tennis were heartening—some 55,000 for the six days. There are so many strong players in Hunt's stable that first-round upsets will not be uncommon. At Philadelphia Ken Rosewall lost in the first round, Tony Roche the second. John Alexander, the big, rangy 19-year-old Australian—14 of the 32 players are Aussies—upset Marty Riessen and gave Laver a few rough moments, showing he may be the next big winner.

Not a part of the World Championship group but very much present in Philadelphia were the girls of Women's Lob, those female rebels who bolted the USLTA in a battle over women's purses, signed $1 contracts with *World Tennis* magazine (so they would be technically contract pros and eligible for Wimbledon, Forest Hills and other opens) and formed a tour of their own that has proven surprisingly successful. This tour has been dominated by Billie Jean King, who has recovered from last year's knee operation and, like Laver, had not lost a tournament until last week in Philadelphia, when she was beaten by Françoise Dürr, who lost in the finals to Rosemary Casals.

While the dawn of what promises to be a new age of pro tennis was going on in Philadelphia, the USLTA was busy trying to offer resistance. The USLTA feels, and perhaps with some justification, that it cannot run amateur tennis unless it runs all of tennis, and it naturally wishes Lamar Hunt would stay at home and count his money. It is important to understand that the war between WCT and the USLTA is every bit as hot as, say, the one between the NBA and ABA. So it was that last week in Hawthorne, N.J. and later New York City unattached pro players took part in something called the Clean Air Classic, a USLTA-sanctioned tournament designed to compete with Philadelphia for attention. There were a few players in the tournament that Hunt would like to sign—Cliff Richey, Ilie Nastase, Clark Graebner and the winner, Zeljko Franulovic—but Clean Air was definitely a minor league event.

If anything did distract the tennis fans' attention from Philadelphia it was the news from Clearwater, Fla.—where the USLTA was holding its annual meeting and electing a new president, Robert Colwell—that Pancho Gonzales, that sly old dog, was on the scene lobbying to be reinstated as an independent pro and thus be eligible for Davis Cup play. The USLTA, which was shaken when Ashe, the last of its stars, went over to Hunt, would love to have Pancho, still the greatest draw in the game. On his part, Gonzales realizes that he could make much more money independently, demanding as much as $5,000 for appearing in USLTA-sponsored tournaments. There is one hitch: World Championship Tennis says Gonzales is under contract to Hunt and if Pancho starts playing for anyone else, it will mean war. Still, it would be fun to see old Pancho back in the Davis Cup and besides, there's really no point for him to play with the Hunt group. Rod Laver isn't about to move over for anybody. **END**


The
Closest
Thing
To Being
Born



Body surfers are prone to hyperbole, but anyone who rides the waves at the Wedge in Newport Beach, Calif. knows whereof he speaks. With breakers up to 22 feet, it's the hairiest trip going—unless you count Brutal *by CURRY KIRKPATRICK*

CONTINUED

. . . From a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.
—George Gordon, Lord Byron

Body surfers are not all drunken, longhaired, pothead jerks.
—Kevin Egan

Bitchinoutasightunrealrighteouswave.
—Definition overheard at the Wedge

As any Wedge man can verify, the sport of body surfing is full of people who at one time or another have demonstrated a potential for becoming either poets or jerks or both. Body surfing—or the art of riding a wave without benefit of a board or raft—is also full of people who don't know what they are doing. Indeed, there may be no other physical activity, including golf, in which so many are so bad, be they latent poets or jerks—or both.

Most body surfers live in California, which is the cradle of the sport—as well as of Big Boys and Orange Juliuses—in the U.S. In the late '20s and early '30s when body surfing caught on at the Long Beach and Balboa piers, husky watermen went "straight off" or "over the falls" in a direct line to the beach. The widespread use of fins by the Navy's underwater demolition teams during World War II brought about a dramatic change, however. After the war the best body surfers began using fins, which enabled them to swim faster and to catch more waves. As a result, they began to ride on the shoulders of waves just in front of the breaking portion, where board surfers rode, and they learned to cut right and left. More radical innovations followed. Where formerly the only way to plane was on the stomach, with arms down to the side, body surfers now experimented with their sides or backs tucked into the wave and their arms out in front or behind or at 90° angles. Arms and hands became stabilizing rudders, body surfers rode parallel to the beach instead of head on into it, and tricks such as spinners, barrel rolls, cutbacks, roller coasters and Iron Crosses proliferated.

Today the sport is most expertly practiced at places like Makapuu on Oahu and on those marvelously named beaches that fill the dreams of all little Southern Californians: Zuma, near Malibu; the Redondo breakwater; the Huntington Beach Pier, Brooks Street in Laguna Beach; Trafalgar Street in San Clemente; and Windansea and Boomer Beach in La Jolla. This is not to mention the undisputed, full-out, righteous, unrealoutasightleadstud and, of course, bitchin' king of body-surfing spots, the Wedge at Newport Beach.

Even if body surfing were not the purest form of riding waves, the most fundamental test of man against ocean, the hairiest water activity going and, as someone once said, "the closest thing to the great trauma of being born"—all of which it probably is—the Wedge would be one of nature's finest showcases.

Originally formed where the west jetty of Newport Harbor meets the beach at the tip of Balboa peninsula, the Wedge is located just a few breakers away from what was once the finest surfing spot (both board and body) in California. This was at Corona del Mar, where Duke Kahanamoku played hooky from the movie sets in Hollywood because it reminded him of Waikiki. In the mid-'30s, however, to protect its harbor, the city of Newport Beach added 100 yards of rock to the end of the concrete east jetty so that it extended over 400 yards into the ocean. This finished Corona del Mar, on the east side of Newport Bay, as a surfing mecca. But on the west side of the west jetty the water was doing wondrous things, which still occur today. South swells formed by tropical storms, hudding hurricanes and the dreaded chubascos of Mexico press toward shore with tremendous force. As each wave strikes the end of the jetty, the force of water pushing against the rocky outcroppings along its length builds up a side wave that breaks at a 45° angle to the jetty. The following south swell catches the side wave created by the preceding wave, and they join, forming a great peak, or wedge. This giant double wave gives the Wedge its name.

To an eye innocent in matters of wave size, any Wedge day looks dangerous, even those when Wedge men don't bother to put on their fins because the surf is too small. Five-foot waves, for instance, sometimes look like 15-footers to novices. One experienced body surfer claims to have caught a memorable 22-foot wave. Though the size of breakers varies drastically from year to year, depending on the storms to the south, on a good day the Wedge generally has waves averaging 10 feet. Veteran Wedge men judge the size of the breakers by how they correspond to the power poles on top of the jetty. "They're breaking eight poles out" means a big day. "Four poles" is average, and "two poles" is a bummer.

Just as it offers the most interesting and challenging rides in body surfing, the Wedge also provides the most dangerous. Only Hawaii's Banzai Pipeline approaches it as a water hazard, but the Pipeline's reputation is largely based on the fact that the surf breaks on jagged coral.

The Wedge has always been a source of concern to local safety officials, primarily because of the dangers that await the hundreds of young and unaccomplished surfers who visit Newport every summer. Over the past few years, in fact, the Wedge has been the scene of innumerable injuries and several deaths, but though most of Newport's surfing beaches are patrolled by lifeguards, only lip service is paid to the Wedge. This is because it is almost impossible for a lifeguard to swim out through the conflicting currents to help a man in trouble.

Danger signs are posted everywhere, but they don't stop body-surfing tourists, who come from all over the world to test their skill or their courage or something. The city of Newport Beach constantly is being sued for damages due to surfing accidents, but the city always wins. "The warning signs are up, and everybody knows about it," says Justice Robert Gardner of the State of California Court of Appeal. "The reputation of the Wedge prevails every time. A citizens committee tried to close the Wedge in 1963, but we made an impassioned plea for a man's right to break his neck if he wanted to."

Gardner, an avid body surfer even now at 59, has written what is believed to be the only book devoted entirely to the sport. It is, as yet, unpublished. He seldom surfs at the Wedge anymore, but he is respectful of it and close to maniacal in his protective attitude toward the sport. "There are only about 500 people in the whole world who know how to body-surf," says Gardner. "There are maybe 25 who are good enough to surf the Wedge. That leaves 15 million flatlanders who go straight off all the time and usually fall on you while you're cutting. Sometimes it looks like there are that many at the Wedge. They're foolish. No, they're idiots."

Site of Wedge is junction of west jetty of Newport Harbor and beach at the tip of Balboa peninsula.

If asked, Gardner will explain that a "flatlander" is a person who does not know how to body-surf correctly. Normally this person will live inland, or "on the flats." Of course, he could live on the ocean and not know how to body-surf. This would be enough to qualify him as a flatlander, but perhaps not enough to be a "turkey" or a "goon," both of which denote incompetence. Turkeys and goons are often harassed at the Wedge by a little maneuver known as "head hopping," which is nothing more, or less, than having one's shoulders or head grabbed from behind and then having one's whole self slammed, banged, slapped, shoved and pushed under the water. It is very difficult to catch a wave after being head-hopped.

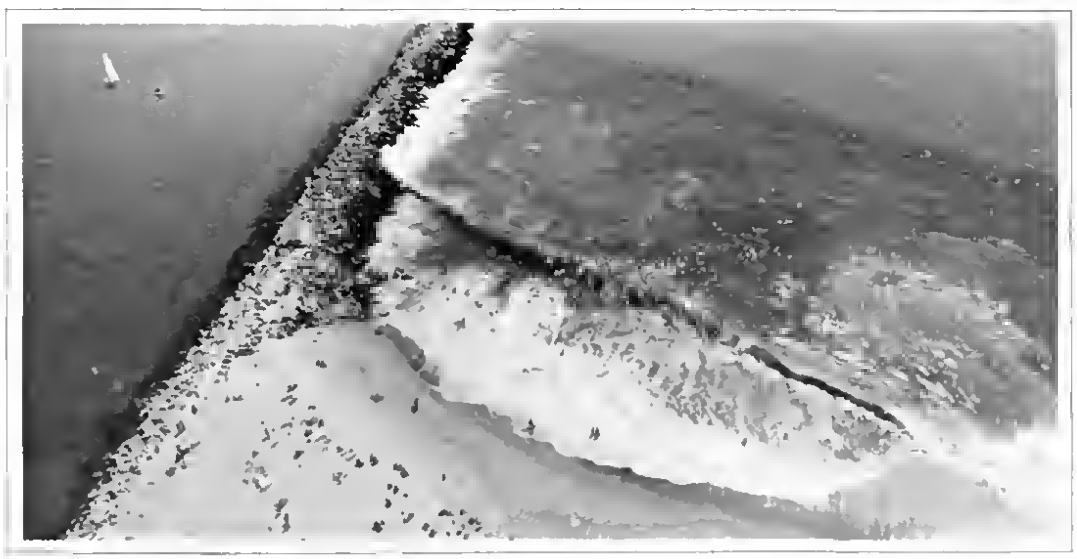
"The Wedge is nothing but a great big screaming shore break," says Gardner. "Nobody should be in there unless he knows what he's doing. Body surfing is different from board surfing, particularly at the Wedge. What's the difference? You get creamed every ride, that's what. Every ride is a disaster. I've learned discretion. I ride only what's civilized."

Gardner also points out that there is a marked difference between board surfers, who are, it has been said, scruffy, unsociable characters with a tendency toward drunkenness and rowdy behavior, and body surfers, who possess only upstanding gentlemanly qualities. Because of these attributes and contradictory philosophies regarding the best way to ride a wave, the two groups have become mutual enemies.

"Board men are just a bunch of phony hangers-on," Gardner contends. "They've improved 100-fold over the past eight years, but that's because we got rid of all the hodads. There are no phonies in body surfing. There is no glory in carrying a pair of fins. It's a basic, primitive thing. It's just you and the ocean.

"Most of the body surfers I know are employed or going to school. There are never any complaints from beachfront owners about body surfers stealing or wrecking things or using bad language. But those board guys, oh, boy! They don't like body surfers because we're in their way. Well, the rule of the ocean is that a man coming in on a wave has the right of way, and it ought to be obeyed. I rode over a board-surfing guy at Brooks Street one time and flipped him good. I've dumped people who were purposely in my way. You hit them, you understand. I got right up on top of a board surfer recently. He was there deliberately. I hit him right in the middle of the back with my knees. He was out of the water the next time. He learned his lesson. You have to hit them to survive in the water. Why do board surfers try and force us out? There is no place in the body-surfing picture for maladjusted people."

continued



Don Redington, a former All-America swimmer at USC who now runs a real-estate-appraising company in Los Angeles, was one of the first men to popularize the Wedge. He says it used to be a normal progression for a waterman to body-surf before he moved on to board surfing. "Now most of them skip body surfing," says Redington. "It's because they're bad swimmers. They don't want to make the effort of swimming out to the wave when they can paddle out on a board. Board surfers regard us as low-class incompetents, but we were capable swimmers first. Board guys hunt for waves in mush and garbage. We're much more selective. Some people claim I was the first to head-hop at the Wedge. Well, if I was, I'm not ashamed of it."

Among the few who are accomplished in both board and body surfing is Mickey Muñoz, a surfboard shaper who once doubled for Sandra Dee in faraway action shots in a surfing epic of the '50s. Muñoz, 33, credits himself, along with Joe Quigg and Carter Pyle (a former Stanford tackle), with rediscovering the Wedge. Quigg and Pyle have since moved to Hawaii, but Muñoz is still active in Dana Point, where he drives a Ford van containing many surfboards.

"The Wedge had been a body-surfing spot 15 and 20 years ago," Muñoz says, "but then nobody surfed there anymore because it was too dangerous. We started riding it again about eight years ago, and we told people to come down and try it. The Wedge helped revolutionize body surfing. We had to develop a radical style just to survive. When we started we made only about 5% of the waves. When we were through we made 75%.

"The reason was that I brought back this new riding technique from Hawaii, where Buffalo Keaulana had broken away from the classic style and dropped his outside arm below his body to act as a hydrofoil. That's what did it for me. Back when we were riding, the Wedge was considered pretty far-out stuff, something really neat. Now it's a rite of manhood in Newport. The Wedge has always been very bitchin', but the group there is pretty much divorced from the rest of the surfing world. They're isolated. They're too far out on the peninsula."

While the current Wedge crowd—a fraternity of approximately 25 men between the ages of 19 and 32—will support the testimony that Quigg and Pyle were the true original Wedge men, while they will admit that Mickey Muñoz is one of the really creative body surfers of his time and while they will concede that what Muñoz says about the Wedge being a manhood rite and being definitely bitchin' is true, they will not accept him as a spokesman for body surfing or the Wedge. As a matter of fact, present-day Wedge men hate Mickey Muñoz.

"Mickey Muñoz' brain is five sheets to the wind," says Kevin Egan, a bartender at the Ancient Mariner in Newport and an up-and-out-at-7-in-the-morning regular at the Wedge. "He's overrated. He's blown all out of proportion. He came up to the Wedge one day, saw it and liked it, and the next time he brought a whole camera crew, writers and the whole bit, to do a story on himself at the Wedge for *Surfer* magazine. Then he left and never came back. He takes a camera crew with him wherever he goes. All the stories in the surfing magazines talk about Muñoz riding the Wedge, but it never happens. He's never here. We all resent it."

"Muñoz hasn't been at the Wedge in six years, except maybe to take pictures of himself," says Ron Romanosky, another regular. "He's a turkey. A Mexican turkey. And a goon besides."

"If Muñoz popularized the Wedge, I know a lot of guys who would like to beat up on him," says a third Wedge man. "Get him up here right now and we'll all head-hop him."

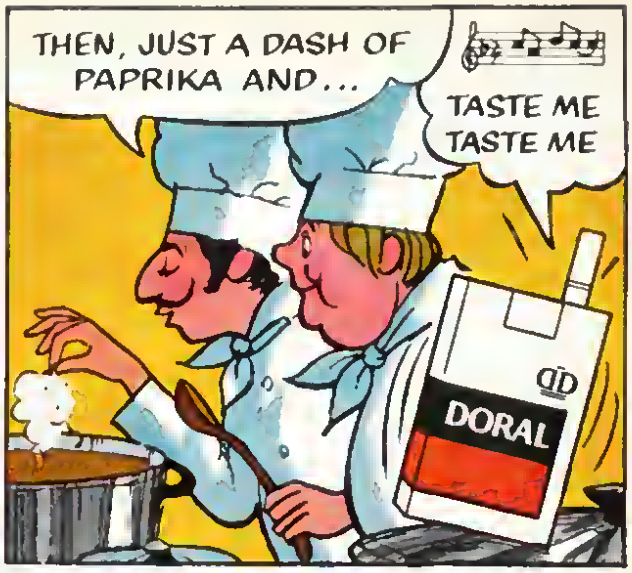
Although their life-style seems tame by the surfing standards of yesteryear, some of the Wedge men will, on occasion, slip into those erratic tendencies that people "on the flats" have come to believe are characteristic of the species. Among those who can be found most any morning between 7 and 11 sitting on the sand several paces from an ancient spit upon which is scrawled WEDGE, WE LOVE YOU are: Egan, a transplanted Easterner who is murder on the side wave but gets sick in moving cars. Romanosky, a good-looking Vietnam veteran who angers easily and is considered the only blond Polish knee-board rider in existence as well as the best knee-board rider period; Bill Sinner, a salesman for Carnation milk products who moved from Whittier to the Newport area just to be near the Wedge and who now and then hands out chocolate-fudge Instant Breakfasts as a dole to his compatriots; Pat Carden, a former MP in Korea who fires off blasts on his Acme Thunderer whistle to scare turkeys and goons out of the water; Ralph (Redbeard) Polston, 6′ 5″, 250 pounds, who stands on, not in, public bars a lot and ripples the muscles in his usually uncovered stomach; Fast Eddie Nastri, who got his name by unsuccessfully hustling pool players superior to himself and "always goes right" at the Wedge; and Nick Hudson, an unemployed ski-lift operator who collects food stamps because there are no ski lifts in Newport Beach and who goes to his Coast Guard Reserve meetings with his arm in a homemade sling in order to "provoke hassles."

Perhaps the experiences of Kevin Egan serve best to illustrate to what extremes a passion for the Wedge will take a man. While body surfing at the Wedge, Egan has pulled every muscle in his lower back, slipped two discs, pinched several nerves, broken his hand, been knocked unconscious twice, opened up countless parts of his body for stitching, fractured his spine and marked and scarred his feet to a point where they now look like twin topography maps of the Sierra Madre. Egan passed out two years ago on Christmas Day from the constant pain caused by some of these injuries. Still he comes to body-surf.

"I could have gone to Notre Dame. I could have done what my parents wanted," Egan says. "My brother is a doctor, and he was going to pay my way through school. He was against Notre Dame. He offered me two weeks in Hawaii if I stayed home and went to college here. I stayed home and graduated from Cal State Fullerton, but I never got my trip. I got gypped. But I don't hold any grudges. It's only cost me $40 for X rays the two times I tried to kill myself on waves.

continued











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"This is my life now," says Egan. "I could have signed on as a steward on a boat, gone all over the world, but I'm not sorry. I just want to ride waves. Before I was married I never got in before 4 in the morning. It was lucky I was away from home. Each day I came back to the apartment there would be a party going on whether I knew about it or not. I mean, my mother doesn't understand drinking beer out of surfing fins. I think people know what the Wedge is now. They respect us for the skill and the guts it takes to ride it. Of course, my mother still can't understand the water syndrome. She says anyone who stays in the water as much as I do has to be psychologically upset."

Egan admits that Wedge men can be pretty tough on turkeys, goons—and the Newport Beach Body Surfing Association. "It's a joke," Egan says. "Nobody who lives anywhere in Newport is in it. Hardly any of them come to the Wedge, because they can't ride it. They give us bad names. They're the grubby ones. They're mostly younger guys. They asked me to join a few years ago. I'm 24. I told them I was too old for clubs. Sometimes if they do come to the Wedge we'll head-hop them. I say, 'Get the hell out of here, you with your water-polo hats on.' They wear water-polo hats. We can be a nasty group, I'll say."

"The Wedge guys are hogs," says a young surfer down the beach at 19th Street. "They hog every wave for themselves. I saw one of those guys—a Wedge hog—down at a beach in San Diego. They have all these old guys down there. Well, not really that old. But guys who think slow and surf straight off. You know, over the falls. Guys about 35. Anyway, this Wedge guy kept head-hopping these old guys and stealing all the waves. One old man said, 'You from the Wedge? One of those hard riders?' He said 'Wedge? Wedge? No, where's that?' He was laughing and laughing. Then he head-hopped the guy again. He was a miserable Wedge hog."

Egan's wife Kathy, a striking blonde who works for Signal Oil and Gas Co. in Huntington Beach, takes her husband to task for his treatment of less proficient body surfers. "You ought to be more thoughtful," she told him recently. "You don't even care about turkeys who are yelling for help until the very last moment. You try to teach them a lesson by scaring them to death. I've heard one of your friends shouting to a turkey in trouble, 'Swim for the rocks. The rocks!' You know that's the worst place to go. The turkey could be killed."

"You didn't hear that," said Egan. "You just thought you did. Most people who yell for help don't need it. I'll be swimming 30 yards from some turkey

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and he'll be yelling for help while he's standing up. *Standing up!* All he has to do is walk into shore, and he wants me to come help him. But you just ask the lifeguards how many turkeys we pull out of the Wedge every summer."

"Oh, how many do you?"

"Gee, Kath, how should I know? Plenty."

"Well I did, too, hear somebody tell a turkey to go to the rocks," said Kathy. "You're too hard on those goons."

"This is no place for beginners," says Egan. "The lifeguards couldn't do anything even if they were around. I once saw five guards trying to get to a guy in trouble on the rocks. They never reached him. I don't think they ever found the body. A lot of bodies disappear here and wash up somewhere else. They're transients who should have stayed away in the first place. But we don't want lifeguards. The Wedge is crowded enough with tourists. If people see the place is patrolled they'll think it's safe. We want to limit the Wedge to just those guys who know how to ride it."

Fred Simpson, a regional sales manager for the video products division of Craig Corp. who at 32 is considered The Old Man of the Wedge, says: "For us there's nothing to be afraid of. We're not fearless. Everything we do is calculated. We go out there because we know how to handle it. I used to go up and down the beaches hunting for surf. No more. The Wedge is like the local tavern now. We're not riding the Wedge to be killed. Of course, sometimes we get eaten. The thing is you have to draw a line somewhere. Everybody has a limit. Some people just haven't found theirs yet. I can do three big ones and then I'm exhausted. I hurt here and here and here. I go home."

One young Wedge regular was not so fortunate. In August of 1969 18-year-old Steve Meyer shot onto the inside peak of a relatively small wave and, though experienced, took a horrible pounding. He woke up in the hospital, his spinal cord severed, his body paralyzed practically from the neck down. On certain days friends carry Meyer down to the Wedge, where he can view from a wheelchair the booming surf that changed his life. Someone suggested to him that he place a sign on the back of his chair reading I AM A VICTIM OF THE WEDGE. Meyer says he is "thinking about it."

Often disagreements develop between Wedge men as to the proper way to negotiate the breakers. Some regulars, like Romanosky, ride the Wedge on a knee board, which resembles a sawed-off surfboard and is about five feet long. (Regulation boards are considered too dangerous at the Wedge.) Others prefer a

continued





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belly board. "I came down here for a long time just to body-surf," says Bill Sinner. "Then last year I went to the belly board. I don't know why. It's faster, I guess. I won't say it's any better, but I just wanted to change."

Normally knee- and belly-board riders are kindred spirits of body surfers inasmuch as both groups are what they themselves call "at one with the wave." They also call this quality "reducing the medium."

"Still, any board is a crutch," said Egan the other day. "If you're talking about total involvement, we're already there. I don't know about you, but if I had two good legs I'd want to walk on them. I wouldn't use crutches."

"A rotten parallel, sir," said Bob Bell, another board rider who was formerly a cook at Th' Dorymen Fish 'n Chips in Newport. "An example that means nothing. The difference in body surfing and belly boarding is one of class and style. It is like a Porsche vs. a Volkswagen. If you want to go slow you drive a Volks, fast, a Porsche. A board is fast."

"Are you saying belly boarding is more bitchin' than body surfing?" said Egan.

"I'm not," said Sinner. "I'm saying it's different, faster."

"I am," said Bell. "I'm saying it's more bitchin'."

"Our sport is like the Greeks," said Chris Klinke, another body man. "No artifacts do we need. Just man and nature. You miss the experience with the board. You miss the naturalism, the bare, basic humanity of the body alone against the water. That—my God—is no Volkswagen."

"Klinke, you're full of it," said Sinner.

Almost every Wedge regular, be he body man or short-board aficionado, desires only one thing beyond catching the perfect wave and riding it into the jaws of eternity. And that is taking a picture of it. Photography is the chief avocation of Wedge men, and if, as some people have it, they are masochistic in nature, wishing to be whipped around and crushed on the sea floor, they are, by the same token, no less megalomaniac because they love to watch themselves doing it or being done in by it.

"It's an ego thing, certainly," says Nick Hudson. "But it's also something to do when you're not in the water. You can't be out there in the Wedge all the time. And when you're onshore and you see a big one you just want to die. So you do the next best thing—photograph it and the guys on it. It eases the pain. It's bitchin'."

"We want to express ourselves in our photography," says Bell. "It's probably an obsession, but it's neat. Look at this equipment I have. Is it bitchin'? Look at these pictures. Can you see the expressions on the face? You can just count the hairs on the man's face, that's all."

With the advent of every big surf day cameras on tripods are lined up at the top of the sand berm ready to be snapped as rapidly as the waves give cause. Later the Wedge men may sell their pictures to surfing magazines or trade them among each other. On special nights in the summer they will get together for a mass showing of movies and slides. Egan himself has about $5,000 worth of camera equipment and hopes, someday, to make photography his profession. Together with Mike Fitzwater, a free-lance photographer whose work includes publicity stills of "Mickey and Diane," a local husband-and-wife singing team, and John Ramuno, who, when asked his profession, answers "retired," Egan plans to publish the first body-surfing magazine. The three entrepreneurs have a name for the magazine—*New Visions*—a cover, a layout, "outasight" pictures and some money. But no publisher. "For our second issue we're gonna have just the whole bitchin' Wedge," says Ramuno. "A page of Wedge waves. A page of Wedge guys. A page of Wedge chicks. A page of Wedge goons and turkeys. People will think it's bitchin'. What an unreal, righteous issue!"

No photography or magazine text, however, can fully capture the tense anticipation followed by the near delirium that overcomes the crowd onshore when a huge set of waves approaches the Wedge. Roars and cheering accompany especially thrilling rides, and shouts of "Outside! Outside!" warn surfers in the water of impending crashers. "No, that's wrong," says Egan. "Goons caught on to that and started shouting 'Outside!' when there were only East Coast times outside. Now they're always going 'Outside!' What do we do now? We signal. Hand signal."

As is the case with most outasight places, great numbers of legends, some true, abound about the Wedge. Local



Appellate Justice Robert Gardner makes an impassioned plea for a man's right to break his neck.

men say its fame has spread throughout the globe. "These are the best body surfers in the world right here," says Ralph Polston. "I began at Boomer Beach in La Jolla, and all of us down there used to think we were the greatest, and we'd come up and show the Wedge guys how to surf. Well, I did one day, and I got my tail cleaned. I ate surf for two days straight. I mean ate it. Hawaiians come over here all the time to beat the Wedge, and they end up eating it, too. I mean, *eating* it.

"In the oral test the Navy gives under-

continued

water demolition team candidates they try and scare you—'Well, men, we're going out in some really heavy surf today'—stuff like that. One officer said to me, 'I see you're from Southern California. You surf?' 'Yes, sir,' I told him. 'The Wedge.' He looked at me like he had seen a ghost. 'You surfed the Wedge?' he said. He was stoked for all time. I was in Hong Kong with an Australian a few years ago, and when he found out I was a Wedge man he literally jumped up in the air. He dragged me into a bar and wanted to know all about it. We got ripped that time. I mean *ripped.* Outa . . . bitchin' . . . *sight!*"

The days are gone when Wedge men used to fill their socks with sand and smash a turkey's face bloody as he came over the falls. Or when a person like Nick Nick, a bona fide Hell's Angel (now deceased), would show up in his denims and chain belt, sharpen the aluminum fin on his short board, say something like, "O.K., men, where are they?" and go out looking for goon bodies to accidentally cut open. Tales of more recent vintage and of considerably less macabre tone are given currency by Pat Carden, the self-appointed "keeper of the legends." Carden says that on one memorable day he and another body surfer took off on a giant wave and flew so high they landed on the other side of the jetty. They got up, staggered around, saw they had ended up on the opposite side of the rocks from which they had started and wondered only if they had gone under or over the power-pole wires 40 feet above the surf. Observers assured them that Carden had gone over, his friend under. But it wasn't until two years later when he overheard a goon describe the incident to his date and insist to same that he was a witness that Carden realized how history is made.

There is one Wedge happening that has come to be an issue of grave disagreement among those who insist they were there. It involves the appearance at the Wedge of two girls, Candy Calhoun and Nancy Corfman, on what is described in Justice Gardner's book as "Big Tuesday" of August 1962, "when," as Gardner has written, "both girls rode the huge surf then pounding at the Wedge. Candy and Nancy [who is the former Nancy Gardner and the justice's daughter] had surfed but a few moments when, by unspoken agreement, most of the rest of the surfers left the water to watch the two girls. Estimates vary as to the size of the surf that day. Some say 18 feet, some say 20 feet. There was common agreement that Nancy took one free fall of at least 12 feet. Every camera at the beach tried to take the shot, but they were all fogged up with flying spray. But whatever the size of the surf, the girls rode the biggest the Wedge had to offer to the cheers of an all-male audience."

"Judge Gardner is full of it," says one Wedge man. "We didn't get out of the water. We were teed off that the dumb chicks came over and got in our way. They're O.K. surfers for girls, but nobody messes with a Wedge man's waves. There might have been some clapping, but a lot of guys head-hopped those chicks."

"There was no head hopping," says another regular. "They were friends. We all knew them. But it wasn't any 'Big Tuesday,' either. That's stupid."

"There sure was head hopping," says the first Wedge man.

Girls are tolerated as spectators at the Wedge only if they are on the near side of 25, slim, blonde, tanned, wear a bikini and have a face like Candice Bergen. Girls as dates, however, are a different thing.

"It isn't worth bringing a girl down here," says Dave Brooks, a regular who went to Boston University for a year before coming back to be close to the Wedge. "You get a girl all the way down from L.A. and wipe yourself out screaming wildly and showing her your moves on the waves. Then you come into shore, and she says, 'Did I see what?' You want to smash her face in. 'See what? See what?' I once yelled. 'I just killed myself for you, baby. Give me an ego trip, girl. See what? What were you doing, eating sand?' "

Ron Romanosky, who has a habit of throwing his knee board onto the rocks and damaging it severely whenever he considers his performance less than perfect, recently brought his girl, Linda, to watch him at the Wedge. After he had ridden some big ones and realized Linda had not watched any of them he stormed over to Kevin Egan. "Linda's been talking to your wife all day," he said. "You know what they're talking about? Shampoo. Shampoo! She didn't even see my rides. I'll kill her." And away went Romanosky's board onto the rocks, severely damaged again.

Steve Meyer, paralyzed from surfing accident, may put sign on chair reading, "I Am a Victim of the Wedge."



Only one area in all of body surfing has a more savage appearance than the Wedge, and that is its appendage 250 yards to the west. There, a huge curling wall of surf ("It's so big you could drive a truck through it," says one Wedge man) that smashes straight down into ankle-deep water is known, for obvious reasnns, simply as Brutal. This mass nf breakers, normally devoid of shape, is spoken of with reverence, almost as if Brutal were some terrible creature that awaits careless surfers and then systematically destroys them. Wedge men generally avoid Brutal, for it affords no escape route, such as diving underwater. As Kevin Egan says, "If you want to swallow a lot of water and sand and destroy your body, Brutal is ideal."

Whatever awe the Wedge men may have left over from a couple of barharous days at Brutal is reserved for, and directed at, one of their own—a short, long-haired 28-year-old named Mike Virgil. Due to past reputation and recent modus vivendi, Virgil, by design or not, has stamped himself as the archetype of the Wedge, or, rather, as the kind of man our society has always wanted the archetype of the Wedge to be. He is somewhat of a mystery to most of the regular personnel, partly because he is quiet and withdrawn, usually absent from their get-togethers, and partly because he is considered to be somewhat abnormal. Virgil endures as a souree of wonderment to his fellows because of the unique way in which he rides the Wedge—a flat-out, straight-down free fall, sometimes sideways, sometimes backwards, sometimes even over Brutal, mnst of the time looking for all the world like what he wants to do more than anything else is hit the hottom in such a way that he will snap his neck in half.

"Virgil is out there to take on the higgest wave he can find," says Egan. "He doesn't care where it is or if he can ride it or not. It might break at Brutal. It might break over the jetty. No matter. Sometimes he rides, but most of the time he just free-falls. That's his thing. He's amazing. He's a wild man. No, he's an animal."

Virgil will show up at the Wedge only on days of gargantuan waves. Anything less than 10 feet does not interest him. On these occasions he will sit on top of the berm alongside his pretty wife Cherilee, staring out at the Wedge but saying nothing. The other Wedge men watch him carefully to be sure not to miss any portion of the performance. "I didn't know they did that," says Virgil. "That's pretty neat. That's respect. I guess I do ride the biggest waves." When he has, as he says, "timed" the waves and is ready tn go, he will rise as if hy divine guidance and enter the water. Swimming out through the crashing surf, Virgil will pass up waves that might cause night moaning in lesser men and wait for what he thinks will be the biggest peak. Then he will proceed to catch his wave and start the "ride," first gliding through the water, then turning, kicking into a swim and falling on his side or his back, down, down, down, finally disappearing into the foam, where some spectators believe he will stay forever. Mike Virgil, however, always comes back up. "I may look like I'm being wiped out," he says, "but I'm not. I have a green room that I duck into where there's no turbulence. Only calm. I can reach out of the disaster and touch the calm. It's so damn great I can't even believe it."

Virgil grew up in Pasadena as a legend in the field of high school fisticuffs. He played football as a linebacker, maintaining an image, Nick Hudson says, "as the baddest guy around." Hudson says Virgil was "the baddest" both on and off the gridiron and "used to coldcock guys and lay them out instantly." Perhaps because most of his time was spent engaged in such activity, Virgil never learned how to read.

When he was 16 he moved to the beach and became fascinated by the Wedge, seeing in it a chance to develop fully the body-surfing skills he had learned elsewhere. On his first ride at the Wedge, Virgil took off backward in an over-the-falls move, a stratagem that was to endear him forever to veteran Wedge riders since they believed it to be the product of mental derangement. As he hurtled over the top, a backwash wave thundered from the shore, swept him around and upside down, turned him over a second time and slammed him feetfirst into the sand. If he had gone down headfirst, Virgil says now, he would have been killed. As it was, the top half of his leg pointed south, the bottom half pointed west, his knee was "destroyed" and he was in a cast for three months. "I figured then the Wedge was a virility deal," he says. "At least it got me out of the Army. I had to keep going back."

From that point on Virgil was considered Mr. Wipeout. Six years ago he broke his collarhone when a wave did thrust him headfirst into the sand. Two years later in one of his perfeetly demented straight-off numbers, he smashed head on into a gnon and/or turkey who was coming the other way. The goon's jaw was caved in and broken in four places, while Virgil needed nine stitches to close the wound over his right eye.

"I don't usually get mad," says Virgil of the latter incident. "I mean, people see me up there and they usually get out of the way. People don't swim under me. I don't get uptight about others in the water. I don't call them turkeys or goons. I call them people. They're just out there doing their thing, like I am. Anybody who is out there at the Wedge has plenty of hair, let me tell you. I never head-hop, either. That's kid stuff. But this time I was hot. I came out of the water prepared to duke this guy. I might have killed him, but he was hurt bad enough already.

"I don't think I do anything unusual at the Wedge. I don't free-fall all that much. I ride. It's not a philosophy. It's just my deal. I'm not erratic like they say, either, although sometimes I think my brain is slowly being destroyed. You ask a lot of questions, don't you? You get me uptight, you know it? I feel like I'm taking the third degree from a cop. I was a freaked-out kid when I was younger, but that's all in the past. I'm just trying to grow up and be a human being."

Virgil's carefree style at the Wedge appears to have emanated from some escapades in his younger days, such as the time at a party when a young lady approached him and asked where she might find an ashtray. "Why, my dear,

continued

right here," said Virgil, taking her lighted cigarette and extinguishing it in his mouth. He also won a small bet one time by burning a hole in a dollar bill that was resting on the back of his hand. In the process he also burned two holes in his wrist.

"I couldn't read anything at all for a long time," Virgil admits. "Cherilee has taught me since then, and now I can read like a 10th-grader. Still, last year I was studying for an English exam at Orange Coast College when I suddenly figured out that it wouldn't do any good to learn the answers if I couldn't read the questions.



Mike Virgil, the wild man of the Wedge, thinks it possible his brain is being slowly destroyed.

"The first time I went skiing my friends had to kidnap me and tell me they were 'taking me to the river.' I went to sleep in the back of a VW bus and woke up at the top of a mountain. I hated snow. They said, 'There it is. Do it.' I went down the mountain on my side, on my back, on my front, completely wiped out, destroyed. I absolutely tore up my knees. Ruined them. I loved it. I quit my job, left home and moved to Mammoth Mountain. At the ski lodge there one night I dove headfirst down a flight of stairs—just because. Because why? Well, there were these chicks all around. I thought it would be groovy. Was I drunk? I think I might have been."

"You know you just wanted to impress those chicks," said Cherilee.

"What?" said Virgil. "What? Impress what? These were radical chicks. What's so hard? I used to dive downstairs all the time as a little kid. Also later.

"Every summer I'd work construction and dive off billboards to hurt myself or drop loads of lumber on myself to collect unemployment compensation so I could surf at the Wedge. Would I fake injuries? No, I wouldn't fake them. I'd be damn injured. But I would recover. I guess I used to live a pretty reckless life. I think I might have been drunk most of the time. I fought a bull in Mexico and got knocked down, destroyed. I signed on with a rodeo and rode a Brahma bull for six seconds. I loved it. I worked on a tuna boat and got down in the nets to throw out the sharks that we had collected with the tuna. No, the sharks didn't bite me. They were unconscious. I love tuna fish. Eat it all the time. I do what feels good. That's the way I live my life. If it makes me feel good, whether it's against the law or not, I do it. I'm not sure a lot of the things I've done weren't pure lunacy."

Cherilee says, "Mike also eats spiders and other insects and things."

Virgil says, "Neither of us eats meat. It takes up too much energy. Besides, it isn't good for you."

About the Wedge, Virgil says, "I've always been determined to find a sport I could be the best in. I was always aggressive as a kid. You know, competitive, mean. Real mean. I bit off the cheek of a Negro in a six-against-30 gang fight. They had tire irons with them. But that was a long time ago. At the Wedge, there are a lot of individualists. Guys who do one thing better than anyone else. I take the biggest waves. I started out by being way up there at the top. I could see over the jetty and watch the boats in the harbor and the people on the beach. Then I'd go down. Way down. Fast. Was it bitchin'? I don't say 'bitchin'.' That's juvenile, a teen-age word. I don't say any of that high school stuff. I say 'groovy.' It was groovy. The sidewave guys think free falling is just a hoax. But it's a ride for me. I'm riding and doing spinners and everything. Once I got socked to the bottom and lost my false teeth. The whole beach was looking for them. Now I take my teeth out before I go in the water.

"I have dreams about the Wedge. It takes me places and I'm flying, flying. I'm relaxed and drifting. All my nerves and tensions leave me. I can't go away from the Wedge and miss big sets without getting all upset and worried. There hasn't been much surf lately, and Cherilee and I are going away for 10 days. I'm worried about that. The Wedge means that much to me.

"I dream sometimes I'll die at the Wedge. It's not a death wish or anything like Evel Knievel has. I think Knievel is a smart guy, definitely not crazy. He's a good motorcycle jumper. I think I'd like to jump cycles someday. Evel has a friend who's even more way out than him. His friend has a stunt where he is going to dive-bomb a plane, an old World War II plane, and aim it straight down to the ground. On the way down this guy is going to jump out—without a parachute now—and then a little later try to sky-dive *back into the plane*. I don't think I'd want to try that. It's groovy, all right, but the theory doesn't seem right."

Virgil was asked why the theory didn't seem right.

"Well, he could get back in," he said. "He could get back in, that's for sure."

But what's the difference? he was asked. He crashes and he dies.

"That's right," said Mike Virgil. "That's right." **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of this week

BASKETBALL—NBA: After dropping six straight, the New York Knicks finally kicked the habit and upended Phoenix 114–99. Milwaukee moved to an 11½-game margin over Detroit by winning all four of its games—against Phoenix 118–94, Detroit 107–106, Los Angeles 122–88 and Chicago 103–96. In the Pacific Division, San Diego won its three games and took the No. 3 spot from Seattle. The Rockets beat Seattle 124–107, San Francisco 119–111 and Cincinnati 120–116. Baltimore lost two of three but retained a fat 11-game lead over Cincinnati in the Central Division.

ABA: The Kentucky Colonels went down to the Squires' Old Virginia Home and were reduced to privates 128–123. The Floridians, meanwhile, won four of five games and moved past Pittsburgh and out of last place. West Division-leading Utah lost to Kentucky 130–118 but then won three straight to hold a two-game lead over Indiana.

BOXING—In his first defense of the world lightweight championship KEN BUCHANAN of Scotland won a unanimous decision over Ruben Navarro in Los Angeles (*page 54*).

FIGURE SKATING—JULIE HOLMES won America's only gold medal in the Pre-Olympics in Sapporo, Japan (*page 16*). Miss Holmes accumulated 1,540 points to Japan's Kazumi Yamashita's 1,458. Dorothy Hamill of New York was third.

GOLF—ARNOLD PALMER sank a 25-foot putt for a birdie on the first sudden-death hole to defeat Ray Floyd and win the $140,000 Bob Hope Desert Classic at Palm Springs (*page 12*).

HOCKEY—In the East, Boston trounced New York 6–3 and expanded its lead to nine points in the East Division. Vancouver left the basement by downing Detroit 5–3 and Buffalo 6–3. Detroit defeated California, occupant of the West's cellar, before dropping two in a row and into last place. The Chicago Black Hawks slipped from 22 to 17 points ahead of St. Louis, while Pittsburgh jumped from fifth to third.

HORSE RACING—The second-longest shot on the board, a 49-1 choice, registered a stunning upset in the $132,100 Charles H. Strub Stakes at Santa Anita. WAR HEIM ($100) ran the mile and a quarter in 2:00⅗ to beat Hanalei Bay by a nose.

Rokeby Stable's Fort Marcy, America's Horse of the Year in 1970, made his first start in three months and lost to SHELTER BAY ($8.40) by a head at Hialeah.

MOTOR SPORTS—RICHARD PETTY of Randleman, N.C. won the Daytona 500 late-model stock-car race, his third such win in eight years, by finishing 10 seconds ahead of teammate Buddy Baker (*page 56*).

SKIING—MARILYN and BARBARA CDCHRAN, crediting their mother's cooking, finished 1-2 in the special slalom in Mont Ste. Anne, Quebec to give the U.S. its first victory in World Cup competition this season. Marilyn had a combined clocking of 1:22.20, with Barbara 1.25 seconds behind.

SPEED SKATING—In Inzell, Germany 15-year-old ANNE HENNING of Northbrook, Ill. equaled the women's 500-meter world record of 43.2. Miss Henning tied Tatjana Sidorova's record established in January 1970. Ruth Schleiermacher of East Germany was second in 44.0.

SWIMMING—JOHN KINSELLA of Indiana University, winner of the AAU's John E. Sullivan Award as the outstanding amateur athlete in the U.S. last year, broke the NCAA 500-yard freestyle record in Bloomington, Ind. by clocking a 4:31.8, five-tenths of a second better than his old mark.

TENNIS—JOHN NEWCOMBE won the $62,500 Philadelphia International Indoor title (*page 59*), snapping fellow Australian Rod Laver's 17-match winning streak 7–6, 7–6, 6–4. In the women's final No. 2 seeded ROSIE CASALS defeated Françoise Durr of France 6–2, 3–6, 6–2.

TRACK & FIELD—At the Los Angeles Times Indoor Games KJELL ISAKSSDN of Sweden set a world indoor record in the pole vault with a mark of 17′ 7¾″, bettering the standard of 17′ 7″. MEL PENDER, who later in the week tied his indoor mark of 6.8 in the 70-yard dash, edged Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa of Westmont (Calif.) College in the 60-yard dash, a 10th of a second off the world record. Both runners were timed in 6.0 seconds. HENRYK SZORDYKOWSKI of Poland and JOHN MASON tied in the mile run as they were timed in 3:58.9. RANDY MATSON bested Al Feuerbach to make it five out of six in their continuing duel with a toss of 67′ 11¾″ in the shotput. In the U.S. Track and Field Federation's national indoor championships at the Astrodome, Marty Liquori, who, the next night, clocked a 3:57.2 open mile, did a 3:57.4 one-mile anchor leg to help VILLANDVA run the fastest distance medley ever—indoors or outdoors. The 9:31.5 time cannot be recognized as an indoor record because it occurred on an oversized, five-laps-to-the-mile banked track. The UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN's two-mile relay team was timed in 7:19.8 to establish a new world indoor mark, but also on the oversized track. CHRISTA MERTEN of West Germany set a world indoor record for the women's 1,500 meters in 4:17.9, and her teammate HAROLD NDRPOTH turned in a world indoor record for the men's 1,500 with a 3:37.8. Both marks came in a meet against Spain in West Berlin. At the East German indoor championships in East Berlin, RENATE STECHER-MEISSNER tied the 50-meter-dash world record with a 6.0 clocking. ANNELIE EHRHARDT-JAHNS equaled the women's 50-meter record of 6.8.

WEIGHT LIFTING—Super Heavyweight VASSILI ALEXZIEV established three new world records on the same day at an international meet in Paris by lifting 489½ pounds in the press, snatching 390½ pounds and jerking 506 pounds. Fellow Russians added record-breaking performances of their own. Heavyweight YAN TALTS pressed 446⅗ pounds; GHENNADY IVANTECHENKD lifted 335½ pounds in the snatch and VASSILI KDLDTDV lifted a total of 1,188 pounds in the snatch, press and clean and jerk, both in the light-heavyweight division. Bulgarian LADEV KUTCHEV set a lightweight world record by pressing 332 pounds.

MILEPOSTS—APPOINTED: BOB HOLLWAY, defensive coach of the Minnesota Vikings, as head coach of the St. Louis Cardinals. Hollway became the ninth new pro head coach to be selected since October.

ELECTED: JESS NEELY and DR. EDDIE ANDERSON, who each coached his team to more than 200 victories, to the College Football Hall of Fame.

ELECTED: SATCHEL PAIGE, legendary pitcher in the old Negro leagues before joining the Cleveland Indians in 1948, to a special nonmember status in the Baseball Hall of Fame. Paige is the first player selected to enter the special exhibit that will be housed in a separate wing of the building.

NAMED: ROBERT E. BRDDHEAD, controller of the Cleveland Browns, as the new general manager of the Houston Oilers.

REINSTATED: As independent players rather than contract pros: BILLIE JEAN KING, NANCY RICHEY GUNTER, MARY ANN CURTIS, ROSEMARY CASALS, PEACHES BARTKOWICZ, DENISE CARTER and KRISTY PIGLDN; by the USLTA.

DIED: LEW RUSSELL ROBINSDN, 37, known in drag racing circles as Sneaky Pete, of injuries sustained when his dragster crashed into a guard rail while qualifying for the Winternational event; in Pomona, Calif.

CREDITS

4, 16, 18—Neil Leifer. 19—T. Tenuma. 20, 21—John Iacono. 22, 25—James Drake. 28—Fred Kaplan, Black Star. 44—Dick Hoenig, UPI. 46—Wil Blanchai. 52—Roy DeCarava. 55—Sheedy & Long. 60, 61—Nick Hudson. 63-72—Curt Gunther. 75—Bremerton Sun, Miami-Metro Department of Publicity and Tourism, Wasco Recreation and Parks District, Harold Charlosh.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JIM GRZEGORZEWSKI, 9, of Sterling Heights, Mich. scored 20 points to lead the Celtics to a 48–4 win over the Bullets in the Parks and Recreation League. He scored 15 points two days earlier in a 34–23 victory. Regulation goals, 10 feet in height, are used.



STEVE FORCE, an 18-year-old senior at West High in Bremerton, Wash., became the nation's youngest bowler to hit an 800 series this season; he scored 289-275-255 for an 819 total. Force has been bowling for 10 years and carries a 200 average.



SHARON CHAMBERS of Miami became the first woman in the history of the American Power Boat Association to win a national high-point championship in outboard pleasure-craft racing, as she defeated Herb Payne of Maryland in the 70-cu.-in. division.



PATRICIA DILLINGHAM, 9, of Wasco, Calif. established three national age-group records in one race as she ran four miles in 24:59.1, three miles in 18:39.0 and two miles in 12:21.5. Official AAU timers were present to clock Pat's astonishing performance.



BRUCE SCHLEGEL, a 325-pound wrestler for Appalachian State University in Boone, N.C., won his ninth straight match by pinning a Georgia Tech opponent and leading his team to a 20–19 win. He is undefeated in dual meets and has a 28-0-1 record over two years.



TIM SAYLOR of White Institute in Wabash, Ind. converted 40 of 52 field-goal attempts and totaled 90 points to lead his team to a 133–68 win over Divine Heart of Donaldson, Ind. The 6′ 8″ senior, who is averaging 34 points a game, also contributed 19 rebounds.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RED INK

Sirs:

Pat Ryan should be congratulated for discussing a topic of great importance in her article *A Grim Run to Fiscal Daylight* (Feb 1). But it seemed to me that the article failed to place college football and finances in their proper perspective.

The tremendous entertainment that college football supplies notwithstanding, it must be realized that the primary function of a university in the 1970s should be educating its students—not providing a winning football team. I would think, however, that if all schools totally eliminated recruiting, athletic scholarships, spring practice, color films, training meals and the like, the present type of competition could continue (with only a slight drop in quality) at a cost where athletic departments might again be making money that could be given back to the schools to use on education.

Any coach who finds such a solution unbearable because he values his own personal victories over the process of education belongs in professional football—or in government, where his distorted sense of priorities would fit right in.

MIKE SHEPARD

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Pat Ryan's article showed the need for positive action by the NCAA to curb the already rampant professionalism in collegiate athletics, football in particular. When athletes live in a special dorm, eat at specially planned training tables, enjoy the benefits of special tutors and receive tuition and, sometimes, extra money for expenses, they can hardly be called amateurs. The NCAA should limit scholarships as pointed out in the article and institute some firm academic rules to prevent the current tailoring of academic careers to suit football instead of the other way around.

Frank Broyles may cite statistics showing that football can pay for an entire sports program, but obviously it isn't paying for too many when two-thirds of these programs are in the red. If we are to have college athletics in the future, the NCAA must act.

IRA WEISS

Clairton, Pa.

Sirs:

You mention that colleges are courting professional football teams in order to persuade them to hold their lucrative exhibition games in the college stadiums, and thus share some of the revenue with the colleges. If college football collapses, pro football will be the biggest loser. The pros have had a beautiful, free minor league for years. It seems to me that they are the ones who should be doing the courting.

FRANK CURRAN

Baltimore

BUCKS VS. KNICKS

Sirs:

In reference to Peter Carry's article about the Knicks and Bucks (*Lew Is Not Enough*, Feb. 8), just because the Knicks have won three out of the four meetings with the Bucks during the regular season doesn't mean the same situation will occur in the playoffs. Granted, the Knicks have a fine playoff group in Willis Reed, Dave DeBusschere, Bill Bradley, Walt Frazier and Dick Barnett. But if Reed's gimpy knee doesn't hold up, instead of "Goodby Lew" it's going to be "Goodby Knicks." Without Reed, the Knicks are not enough.

GLENN E. HOFFMAN

Oley, Pa.

Sirs:

Lew Alcindor is the greatest player basketball has ever known, but he is not the only one involved in Milwaukee's drive for the championship. Mr. Carry failed to give credit to Bob Dandridge, Greg Smith, Jon McGlocklin, Oscar Robertson and all the other Bucks. The reason Milwaukee has such a devastating record this year is that the whole team is contributing toward a common goal—being the best. The Bucks are a young team, and they improve with every game they play. It's only a matter of time until they become No. 1.

CHRIS LOBOTZKE

Milwaukee

Sirs:

The thing that really bothers me about your article is that you make the Boston Celtics look like fools. First you have a picture of Greg Smith driving on Dave Cowens. Then you have Alcindor shooting over Cowens. On the next page you show Walt Frazier driving on Don Chaney in what looks like an easy layup. Finally, you picture Dave DeBusschere going over Don Nelson for two points. If you have something against the Celtics then say so. Personally, I think they are going to take it all.

ANDY BRENNER

Portland, Me.

JOHNNY COOL

Sirs:

Your article on Johnny Neumann (*Red-Hot New Pistol in Rebel Land*, Feb. 8) is an irritating study of an athlete who apparently has yet to grow up. He obviously decided to go to Ole Miss because he couldn't stand the competition elsewhere. If he were put up against a decent defense he would probably average no better than 25 points a game. He's a one-man team. Unfortunately, that's not the name of the game.

DOUGLAS RITTS

Lubbock, Texas

Sirs:

It seems that Johnny Cool Neumann is on an ego trip. How could any team give up an opportunity to win games in order to let one person win a scoring title? Neumann said, "I think they'd [my teammates] be content if I won the scoring title and we finished at .500. But I told them I'd rather win games." If this is so, Ole Miss has a new breed of ballplayers. It looks as if Johnny had better start practicing what he preaches, or Mississippi will be lucky to finish at .500. After all, a team that can score 113 points and still lose by 19 doesn't need a prolific scorer but some defense. As for Johnny believing that he can build a basketball program all by his lonesome, well, in our opinion Mississippi will remain the football school it always has been.

PAUL CROWELL
LARRY FERNANDO
JOHN GORMAN
Members, University of Oklahoma varsity basketball team

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

After reading about Johnny Neumann's "zits," his dog that messes on the floor, his parents-in-law who like him because he isn't a truck driver, his silver-lined tooth and his term paper on venereal disease, I fail to see what all this has to do with his basketball ability. Surely Curry Kirkpatrick could find a better way to tell us about the talents of an exceptional shooter.

DENNIS HASKINS

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sirs:

Your article on Johnny Neumann was cutting to Neumann, Ole Miss and the South. If I hadn't known beforehand whom I was going to read about, I never would have guessed it to be Johnny Neumann. Johnny is great and the old Miss team is great, but your article stinks!

AARON RUSHING

Jackson, Miss.

Sirs:

If Johnny Cool is what heroes are made of, I sincerely hope he's our last. Through four pages, I kept expecting something better. Certainly four lines would have sufficed.

SARA NICHOLS

Skaneateles, N.Y.

continued


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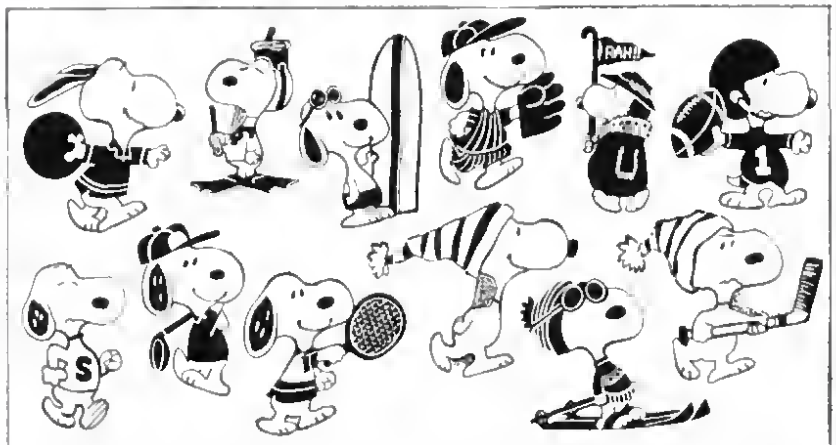
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TENTH MOUNTAINEERS

Sirs:

In his article *Phantoms of the Snow* (Feb. 8), Bill Johnson evoked superbly the spirit of the 10th Mountain Division. But to prevent confusion among botanists who may read his splendid piece a century hence, one minor point requires clarification.

That Peale's falcon on Kiska Island was not sitting in a tree. No tree grows on Kiska. The creature was soaring in a murky, post-dawn sky, and only the most expert of bird watchers could have spotted it, no less identified it under the circumstances. The unflappable character who did—a Lieut. Nelson, executive officer of Company I, 87th Mountain Infantry, by the way—was no professor. He was a fish and wildlife ranger in civilian life. And nobody hit the dirt when he uttered his immortal words, because nobody heard him except me, his radio operator and bodyguard. Anybody who had hit the dirt would not have been able to rise again, anyway, the tundra was tough, going uphill or down, and the packs that day were 120 pounds.

But I loved Johnson's story. Thanks.

HENRY MOSCOW

New York City

Sirs:

All of the 10th Mountain Division alumni in this area were absolutely delighted with your story. We still enjoy kidding Minnie Dole about requiring three letters of recommendation to get shot at.

Incidentally, there are quite a few of us 10th Mountain boys (albeit grown to middle age) who are still working for service and safety for skiers as members of Minnie's other outfit, the National Ski Patrol.

PETER AUSTIN
Junior Advisor, Eastern Division
National Ski Patrol System, Inc.

Binghamton, N.Y.

FIFTEEN-YEAR MEN

Sirs:

In your article *The Cold Cold Heart of Hockey* (Jan. 25) you mentioned that Norm Ullman of the Toronto Maple Leafs plays for a loser. This seems to be a very hasty conclusion considering the fact that, since Dec. 9, the Leafs have been the hottest club in the entire National Hockey League.

Despite this small criticism, I compliment Tony Triolo on his photographs.

CLAUDIO DICENZO

Hamilton, Ontario

Sirs:

The Maple Leafs are presently entrenched in fourth place and seem assured of a playoff position with their young and rising team. To us fans the Leafs are never losers!

TOM FIFF

Windsor, Ontario

continued



a sense of wonder

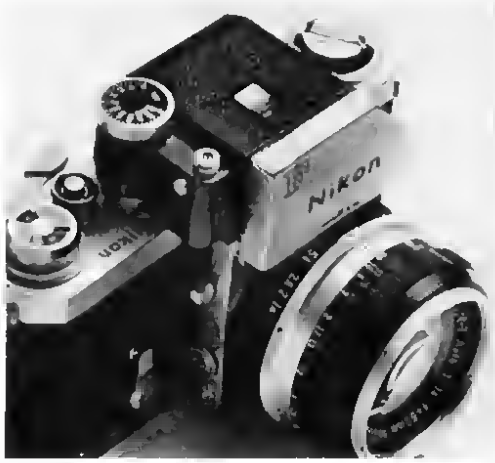
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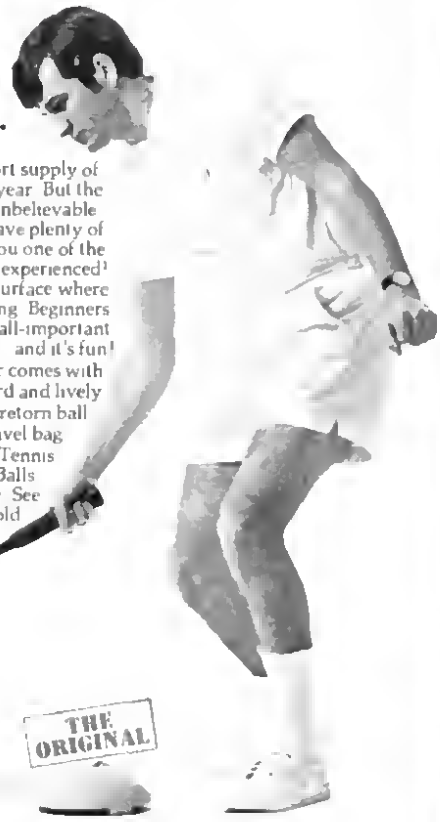
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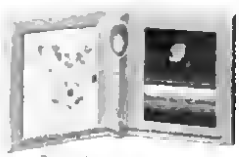
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FIRST HAND

Sirs:

Your Feb. 8 issue contained interesting stories on English steeplechasing and Scottish boxer Ken Buchanan. While the LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER reviewed the achievements of Hugh McIlvanney, the British sportswriter who did the Buchanan piece, nothing was said of John Lawrence who wrote the short article that accompanied the photo essay on steeplechasing (*Down to Earth in Britain*).

Describing "the rider's life" is easy for Mr. Lawrence, for in addition to writing and announcing, he is one of England's finest amateur jump riders. He is one of the jockeys who enjoys the "matchless thrill" of clearing one fence and sailing on to the next.

I enjoyed the story, having seen a number of steeplechase races in England last year, including the Grand National. In writing of the falls that are so much a part of steeplechasing, however, he might have included the fact that though there were 28 entries in the 1970 Grand National, only seven horses and jockeys—completed the race.

PETER SHORE
Sports Editor
Colgate Maroon

Hamilton, N.Y.

BLACK IS BEST (CONT.)

Sirs:

Supplementing Martin Kane's fine article (*An Assessment of "Black Is Best,"* Jan. 18), I would like to point out that fencing is a nonprofessional sport in which black athletes have, in recent years, attained prominence. This is largely due to the fine coaching of J. R. Moss, the world's only black fencing master, at Malcolm X High School, Philadelphia. (There was an earlier black fencing master in France a century ago.) His fencers have won six national junior championships since 1966, and several of his graduates are currently among the nation's finest collegiate fencers. A 21-year-old graduate, Tyrone Simmons, now at the University of Detroit, placed second in the 1970 national foil championships. More will be heard from Moss' students.

These athletes, plus four other black fencers on the University of Detroit team, have succeeded mainly for reasons cited in Mr. Kane's article. And their success in this intricate, high-speed sport completely discredits the archaic image of the quick but unintelligent black athlete.

RICHARD J. PERRY
Fencing Coach
University of Detroit

Detroit

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